Week ending September 17, 1949 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

BEHIND THE LEGEND OF NOEL COWARD

by DENNIS HOLMAN

HOW THEY FOUND A RHEUMATISM CURE

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

NAGPUR.

MY WIFE IS HAPPIER NOW

—but it wasn't always so—only a short while ago every day was a dismal affair for both of us . . .

I'd leave for work without so much as a word of 'goodbye'. She often had a headache and was depressed. . . .
Then a friend in the office recommended 'YEAST-VITE'.

She Took Yeast-Vite

It was marvellous. Now she knows how to get rid of headaches and is happier in every way. . . .

If you suffer from **HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAINS, NERVE PAINS, NEURALGIA OR SLEEPLESSNESS** try Yeast-Vite Tablets yourself.

YEAST-VITE

"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets 1/6 & 3/8

You just can't ignore it!

WATCH YOUR COMB! Falling hair means starving hair, first step to baldness. It is nature's warning that your bodily supplies of hair foods are running low. Be warned in time. That hair can be saved. Saved by Silvikrin.

Silvikrin contains the foods your hair is dying for—Cystine, Tyrosine, Tryptophane and other vital elements. For severe dandruff or loss of hair use Pure Silvikrin.

Use Pure Silvikrin in severe cases of dandruff and falling hair. As a daily dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion—or, for dry heads, the new Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion with Oil.

Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

20/6/0

Trust Pluvex!

You can trust Pluvex Roof Felt to keep damp, rot and rust at bay in the worst weather. Pluvex is roof felt of the highest quality. You can lay it yourself. Full instructions for laying included in every roll.

In rolls, 12 yards long and 36 in. wide, from your ironmonger or builders' merchant.

PLUVEX

ROOF FELT

In two weights **Standard 8/9** and **Heavy 12/3** per roll.

A product of
THE RUBEROID COMPANY LIMITED
246 COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

P.47

The ALL-BRITISH **Conway Stewart**

GIVES PERSONALITY TO YOUR WRITING

The Pen with the Marvellous Nib

A Man likes a Manikin . .

because he knows that only well conditioned tobacco goes to make a Manikin.

5 for 2/8

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

Made by **J. R. FREEMAN & SON LTD.** (Established 1839) royds 49/1/1

THE JEWELS of WISDOM

Poised for true service by the skilled craftsmen of Switzerland. Seven pivots of precision that will help you keep your time wisely and well. We supply and service a magnificent selection.

Illustrated—Handsome model for men, centre seconds hand, chrome steel case, non-magnetic. **£3.16.0.** *Ladies' model, non-magnetic, chrome case, leather cordette.* **£3.15.3.** *Brochure and approval details of full range from £2.10.0 to £20 by return.*

Write now to: G. & M. LANE & CO. LTD. (Dept. J.B.84) 181 Queen Victoria Street, London EC4 *or call at our London Showrooms*

15-17 LUDGATE HILL, 377 STRAND
15 NEW BOND STREET
28 ROYAL EXCHANGE

SALES & SERVICE

Watches of **SWITZERLAND**

"Walters' **Palm**" REGD.

TOFFEE

THE PERFECTION of CONFECTIONS

EDITORIAL

Start now to counter road slaughter

TOWARDS THE END of a summer season during which private motorists and motor cyclists have had more petrol than for some years —actually double the "standard" ration—but in which road transport has remained restricted by various other shortages, it is necessary as well as instructive to look at the position on the roads of Britain.

Has the accident rate been reduced or, anyway, kept down? Has anything been done to make our roads safer, and provide against the day when petrol may be completely "free," and traffic reach proportions undreamt of even in the hell-for-leather days before the war?

Unhappily, the answer in each case is No.

In June, when the double petrol allowance came into full effect, the road casualty figures immediately soared to 16,082—the highest figure for any June since before the war.

Out of 399 killed on the roads, 111 were children — the highest child casualty figure for any single month since May, 1946.

If 399 people, including 111 children, had been killed in this country in one month by enemy action, there would be no delay in taking countermeasures. Because this kind of slaughter happens on the roads, nobody does very much about it!

True, there have been repeated inquiries and investigations into the road accident problem. Much data has been gathered about the *causes* of accidents, and some constructive suggestions put forward for their prevention. But we are still waiting for action.

EARLIER this year, after probing 2,000 cases in which people had been killed on the roads, Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Pickard, director-general of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, reached the conclusion that 1,940 had died needlessly. Only fifteen of the fatalities investigated were unavoidable, and six of these were suicides. The rest could not be classified because of lack of evidence.

In 950 cases, the victim was guilty of some breach of the Highway Code. In 608, both the victim and the other party were found blameworthy. There were 1,200 cases in which adult pedestrians died, and 240 of the victims were young children.

The chief faults attributed to the drivers or riders of vehicles were driving beyond the range of brakes or lights, lack of proper care at road junctions and careless starting.

Another analysis made this year found that out of 9,126 accidents, 8,055 were attributable to human error. But all such probes, valuable as they are, merely beat over ground that has already been well covered. Road accidents and traffic riddles have been analysed by the thousand.

Five years have elapsed since the Committee on Road Safety felt impelled "by the urgency of the road problem" to rush out an interim report, stressing the necessity for an *early* decision on sixty concrete recommendations.

This committee's sense of urgency does not seem to have been shared by the Government.

We now have a permanent Committee on Road Safety, which has just issued a new report on pedestrian crossings.

YET still, the speed with which new data on road accidents piles up far outstrips the pace with which counter measures are applied.

Among the many suggestions put forward in that classic interim report of 1944, for instance, were outlines for a series of practical experiments in the segregation of traffic streams and pedestrians.

One urged that a strip of road should be equipped with pedestrian crossings with continuous guard rails between them.

Another strip, it was suggested, might be similarly equipped but with the addition of light signals.

Yet another suggestion was for a test strip with a dual carriageway divided, between pedestrian crossings, by an unclimbable fence.

Today, after a lapse of five years, not one of these tests has been made.

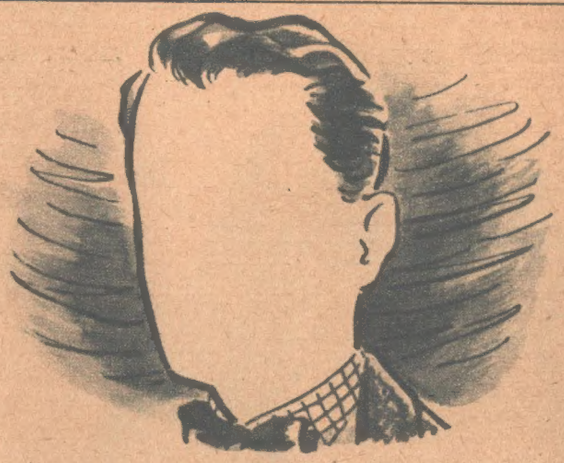
The Ministry informs us that it hopes to conduct a fourth test advocated by the committee to find out whether pedestrians can be educated in the use of crossings by the threat of prosecution under Section 18 (2) of the Road Traffic Act of 1934. This test may eventually take place in three centres, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Southend-on-Sea, on strips of road without either guard rails or traffic lights. A Ministry spokesman admits, however, that "a long time" may elapse before a start can be made.

We still await a vigorous, truly national, all-out drive to stop the slaughter on the roads.

All the data needed to lay down an active campaign to reduce road accidents is to be found ready to hand in the reports we have listed. Every phase of the problem has been thoroughly explored.

What is now wanted is action to co-ordinate the best of the recommendations and to *put them into effect* without delay.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
SEPTEMBER 17, 1949 VOLUME 86 NUMBER 2255 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON



BE A

Maclean-Shaven Man

Your razor seems sharper . . . your blades last longer . . . your face feels smoother . . . all thanks to the wonderful lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream, with its soothing effect on the skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the quickest, easiest, sweetest shave you ever enjoyed.

with

MACLEANS
Quick Lather
Shaving Cream

In tubes and jars, whichever you prefer. 1/6

"There's nothing like it!" — *and there's nothing like*

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

for a brilliant shine in half the time

In BLACK, Lt. BROWN, TONETTE (Dark Stain) & WHITE
Tins 3½d & 7d

Made from the finest quality waxes it adds extra life and comfort to your shoes

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD LONDON, W.4
CB/HU

"Turned out fine again"

Safe, sound, smooth, summer riding... now that the bike's had a complete overhaul. Inexpensive, too! Surprising what you can get from Halfords... spares, tools, accessories and riding kit... from the branch around the corner.

LOOK AROUND **Halfords** for every accessory

BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS

SEE HAIR SILKY INSTEAD OF BRITTLE!

Beautiful extra shine — new natural colour

Gloria your hair today

AMAZING — the difference in your hair after your Gloria shampoo. Here is the secret! This *different* soapless shampoo contains Olestol. Pears Gloria washes hair radiantly clean *without* making it brittle, dry and hard to arrange. Rich-lathering, not sticky, won't cling to hair. Economical — 1/10½d, 1/3d a bottle.

NO WONDER MILLIONS ARE CHANGING TO

Gloria SHAMPOO made by PEARS

(containing OLESTOL)

PEARS 15 1014

DO YOU KNOW THIS THRILLING BEAUTY SECRET?

A SIMPLE HOME RECIPE!

Thousands of clever girls have found the secret of irresistible glamour and loveliness. It is an exciting beauty preparation called "Mousse of Cream" added to an unbelievably fine air-floated powder. Girls in their teens or women of 50 gain a new rich beauty in 30 seconds. And Tokalon face powder stays on all day keeping you flower fresh and lovely. No more shiny noses, no more greasy skins. Try Tokalon Powder today, see the bewitching finish it instantly gives your skin.

Free **TRY THIS 30-SECOND BEAUTY TEST.** For De Luxe Beauty Outfit with generous trial size Tokalon Rose Skinfood, Tokalon Vanishing Cream and six entrancing shades of Tokalon Powder, send 7½d. in stamps to Poudre Tokalon, Dept 96A, 24 Gilbert Street, London, W.1.

L 477-1160

"Getting dirty is all part of the game to a boy!" *says Mum*

Happily Mum knows how to deal with dirt. She makes sure that both the dirt and the germs it contains are washed away with Lifebuoy. For Lifebuoy has an antiseptic action that looks after health upstairs, downstairs, at the sink, *wherever* it's used!

LIFEBUOY more than a GOOD soap —a good habit

because it's an extra health protection

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

Free Speech

THE REFEREE APPEALS

I AM ONE of those much-maligned men, the soccer referees. We are always the butt of the crowds. But, although we make mistakes, we do know the rules. Thousands of our critics do not.

For example, how many fans know that in an offside decision the decisive factor is where the player was when the ball was played by a member of his own side; *not*, as is often thought, where he is when he plays the ball.

It would make our job easier and increase everyone's enjoyment if spectators would look up a few of the rules of our great game.—A. L. PARSONS, Tytherley, Newcastle Road, Crossgate Moor, Durham City.

Where The Nylons Go

FOUR TIMES THIS WEEK, in the city café where I work, I have been asked by men who come in for a cup of coffee whether we waitresses are interested in buying nylon stockings at 25s. or 30s. a pair. These are the same stockings as those sold in shops at 12s. 6d. a pair.

I hate to see working girls tricked. It should be made illegal for anyone to sell nylons except authorized shops at controlled prices. If there were no loopholes, there would be no spivs.—MISS KATHLEEN SUMNER, 152 Clifton Road, Aston, Birmingham.

And It *Was* A Girl

YEARS AGO, I wandered into a demonstration of thought reading. People in the audience were told to ask questions. I asked when the event I was thinking about would take place. After a few seconds the thought reader said: "The first or second week in February." Then she added: "You are wanting a girl and I feel sure you will get one."

My daughter was born on February 9 the next year but the thought reading took place in July and, at that time, no one in the world but me knew my secret. —MRS. L. E. WILKINSON, 19 Westway, Hanging Heaton, Batley, Yorks.

What Is A Cigarette?

CIGARETTE QUALITY should surely be standardized. Supplies of well-known makes are often short and the smoker is offered instead an unknown brand. Often they are greatly inferior. But the price is the same.—H. SMITH, Chelmsford, Essex.

. . . My son, aged twelve, has been collecting different kinds of cigarette packets. Up to date, he has 152. I had not realized there was such an assortment of cigarettes made.—MRS. B. TAYLOR, 59 Rynah Place, Evesham.

Cap Keeps Ball Rolling

RICHARD COLLIER'S ARTICLE, "Fred Keeps The Ball Rolling" (JOHN BULL, July 23), interested me because when I was quite a small boy I remember seeing Joe Davis playing at the Victoria Billiards Hall in Chesterfield, owned or promoted by a Mr. Rudge.

Later I became friendly with the Arthur Marshall mentioned in the article. He lost his right arm during the first World War and had to change over to left-hand playing, using a cloth cap for a rest. My father made him a sample rest from which a permanent one was turned by a fitter. With it Arthur could move his cue to any desired position. He afterwards became host at the Bricklayers Arms in Chesterfield and died about three years ago.—J. HOUGH, 64 High Street, Clowne, near Chesterfield.

Mays Rings The Bell

THIS MAY BE A TRIBUTE to Douglas Mays's excellent cover painting of Hilbré Island (JOHN BULL, August 20), or to my mother's memory. But as soon as she saw it, and before knowing where it was painted, she remarked that it was exactly like Hilbré.

The remarkable thing is that she has not been there for forty years. She remembers seeing Mr. Llewellyn Jones, then caretaker of the island, rescue a young couple trapped by the tide. They rewarded him with twopence.—RAYMOND ROSCOE, 6 North Street, Shotton, Flintshire.

The picture that did it

"Sir" Wilfred Pickles?

HENRY FIRTH'S ARTICLE, "The Man Who Took A Chance" (JOHN BULL, August 20) shows how Wilfred Pickles's generous friendliness helped one man and illustrates once more the grand work Wilfred Pickles has done among the ordinary people. I have been ill and off work for six months and often, as I lay and listened to his broadcasts, my sickness was forgotten and my heart and spirits uplifted.

Some people have got a knighthood for very much less.—J. A., Glasgow.

JOHN BULL *will soon be announcing a new feature of outstanding interest to all admirers of Wilfred Pickles.*—EDITOR.

Tennis Made Cheaper

JOYCE WILSON is quite right in saying that tennis at two shillings an hour is too dear for teenagers ("Free Speech," August 20). Members of the sixth and fifth forms at our school may use the school courts during the holidays free of charge. This saves our pocket money and the privacy of the school grounds is a great help.—SIXTH FORMER, Glos.

. . . In Aberdeen, the fee for tennis is fivepence per person for forty minutes. Equipment is twopence extra.—LORNA SAINT, 54 Anderson Road, Aberdeen.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter

GOR-RAY COMPLETES THE PICTURE

GOR-RAY
Registered
skirts one better!

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street W1

Smooth and mellow, richly restoring,
there's a bounty of cheer
in this drink
to strengthen and hearten you

MACKESON'S STOUT
sets you up wonderfully

Excelsior the foundation

Gives poise, freedom of movement and support just where it is needed —and at a reasonable price.

Excelsior REGD. FOR VALUE CORSETRY

WHOLESALE ONLY
RICHARD COOPER & CO. (ASHBOURNE) LTD.
Ashbourne • Derbyshire

you're dressed *in a*

Burlacade

coats
suits
ensembles

Designed for the new hairstyles —a Byron collared coat in box check Pullman material. From leading shops and stores at **£8 6s. 0d.**

For nearest stockist write to:
Jackson Bros. (Mantles) Ltd.
2 New Burlington Street, London, W.1

Spend less time at the sink!

Less Rubbing, Scrubbing— Yet a Spotless, Shining Home with time-and-labour-saving BROBAT SUDS!

Let BROBAT SUDS lighten, brighten and ease all your washing and house-cleaning tasks for evermore! BROBAT SUDS new, livelier, longer-lasting lather simply demolishes dirt—rolls out every particle from fabrics, covers, net curtains and, of course, the weekly family wash. And BROBAT SUDS improved degreasing and detergent powers make this the perfect washer for speedy washing-up and all-round-the-house wet cleaning!

BROBAT Suds

From all good grocers, hardware and multiple stores, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Boots and Co-operative Societies.

Which flavour do you favour?

Gooseberry cream, praline pâté, caramel, coffee cream, turkish delight, and nougat! It's not easy to choose— so break and come again every break's a lucky one!

SIX DIFFERENT CHOCOLATES ON EVERY CALEY TRAY

T20

Speedy fillers— Swans!

The filling device of the Leverless Swan is unique in the pen world. Just a split-second twist of the milled top at the end of the pen—and it's full to the brim. Leakless, unfloodable—always ready to write. A precision instrument, in fact, made like a watch.

Leverless 30/7 to 55/-. Lever-filling 25/8 to 36/8 (including tax). Eternal nibs, perfect for duplicating, extra. From all Stationers and Jewellers. Use Swan inks—best for all pens.

MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD. 41 PARK STREET, LONDON W.1 (*Administration only*)
Service Depots & Showrooms: 110 New Bond Street, London, W.1
33 Cheapside, London, E.C.2, and 3 Exchange Street, Manchester, 2.

Mrs. P. Dee—the Family Favourite

PEARCE DUFF'S

CUSTARD AND JELLIES

CUSTARD POWDER · JELLIES · BAKING POWDER · BLANCMANGE POWDER

Lots in a name—when it's Weston's Dainty Fare

Dainty indeed they are!—small and light, short-eating and sweet. Splendid for a party and very gratifying in private. Made by Weston's only, they are dispatched oven-fresh from factories planned and equipped to produce highest quality biscuits using the finest ingredients obtainable.

Weston's BISCUITS

Pick a pack of SAXA the pick of packet salt

"...it's DEFINITELY the kind of make-up that DOES things for you!"

Evening in Paris BY BOURJOIS

FACE POWDER · ROUGE · PERFUME · LIPSTICK

19

PHOSFERINE for a *new* appetite!

PHOSFERINE is a grand restorative when reserves have run down. When the appetite fails, the vital resources of the body are not replaced. Mental and physical energy sag. Resilience weakens. The cheerful rebound to life's difficulties deserts you. It is within the power of PHOSFERINE to reverse this process—by reviving the appetite it creates new energy and vitality. You feel a new interest in life. Try this grand tonic today.

1/6 & 3/8
In liquid or tablet form.

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

for Depression, Debility, Indigestion, Sleeplessness and after Influenza.

Such FRAGILE Flakes...

Such a Longer-Lasting LATHER!

INO FLAKES

WASH EVERYTHING

GERARD BROS LTD · NOTTINGHAM

Fennings *Little Healers*

RELIEVE

COLDS, COUGHS BRONCHITIS, etc.

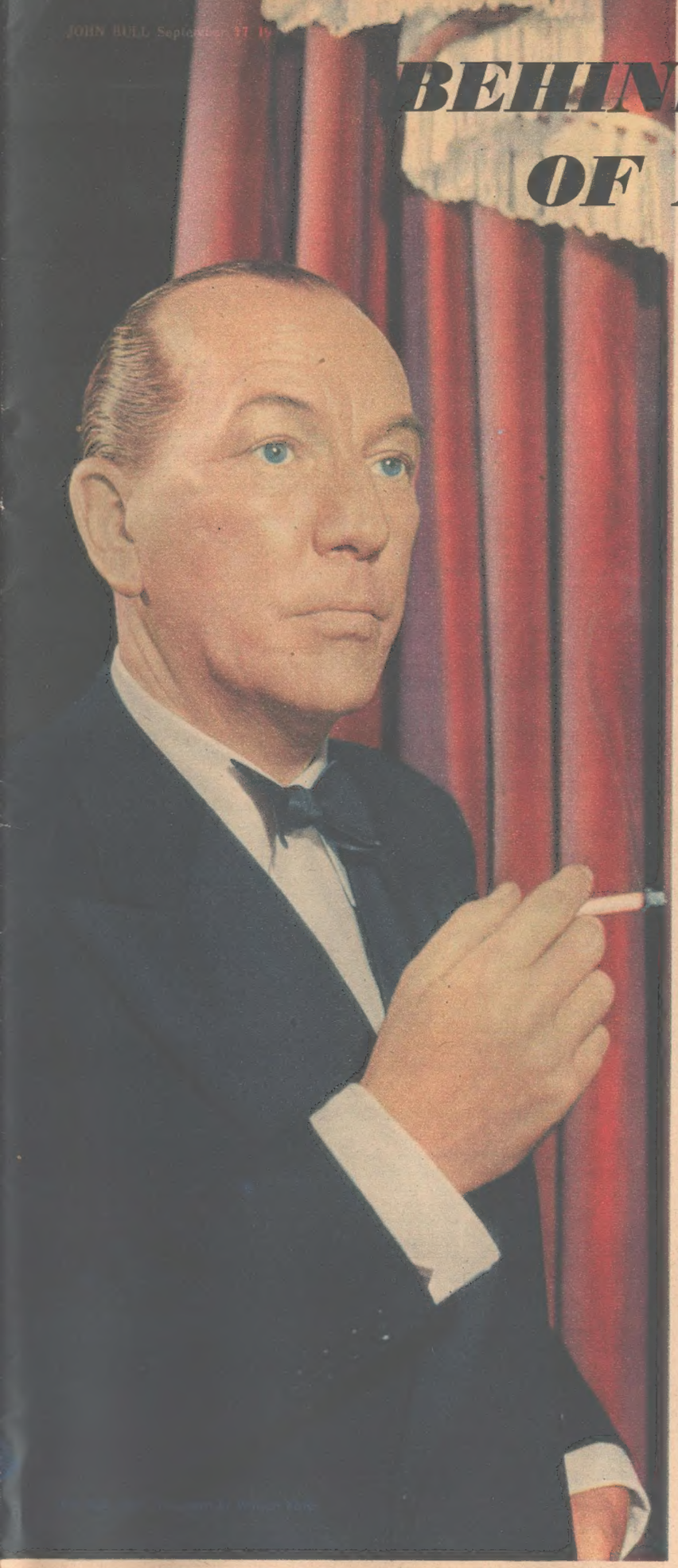
7D. 1/6 3/6

ALFRED FENNINGS, HORSHAM, SUSSEX

BEHIND THE LEGEND OF NOEL COWARD

by DENNIS HOLMAN

At twenty-five, critics said he was going to the dogs. They've been saying it ever since, but he's still perched securely at the top of the tree. . . . The first of two exclusive articles on the world's most enigmatic stage personality



Coward at fifty: a newspaper advertisement in 1910 started the story

"THE WHOLE SECRET OF photographing this enchanting, heart-shaped face," Noel Coward told Jack Asher, his lighting cameraman, "is to have a diagonal shadow falling across the forehead. A naval cap set at a rakish angle contrived this so cleverly in *In Which We Serve*. The effect was heavenly.

"I can't wear a naval cap as Christian Faber, but, dear boy, don't despair. In the close-ups all you need is the subtlest shadow falling across this brilliant marble dome.

"And in those vast exteriors, when I pause for a moment's inspiration in dappled sunlight, arrange it that an over-hanging branch is waving above me, ever so casually."

Coward has been making another film: *The Astonished Heart*, a short play from *Tonight at 8.30* about a psychiatrist who goes off the rails and is smitten with "madness and blindness and astonishment of heart." Coward plays Christian Faber, the psychiatrist. Celia Johnson is his sensible, affectionate wife and Margaret Leighton the temptress and cause of his derailment.

There's Even A Message

Producer Sydney Box is enthusiastic. "I am certain," he says, "that *The Astonished Heart* will be a significant milestone in Noel Coward's career. It is the serious work of a serious artist."

"Possessing," Coward adds with a lift of his eyebrows, "all the touches of the mature Coward—scintillating dialogue, a dramatic story, intense feeling and much emotion." There is even a message in *The Astonished Heart*.

Had anybody wondered twenty-five years ago about the mature Coward, he would probably have pictured some old reprobate with a face like the picture of Dorian Gray in the last stages of degeneracy. People were worried about him. There was a legend of his alleged decadence which he attributes to a cameraman entering his bedroom.

The bedroom had been painted over in pillar box scarlet with only nude murals to break up the screaming colour, and the picture the cameraman got was of Coward in bed wearing a Chinese dressing-gown. He had blinked at the flashlight, and his expression, he says, was one of advanced degeneracy.

The Press had said his plays were vile, nauseating, obscene, but at the same time words like "brilliant" and "genius" had been used. In an audacious age, when the greatest horror was that of being bored, Coward was anything but a bore.

Shocking, Amusing . . .

His legend said he was shocking, but amusing, exciting, enlightened, free and fashionable. Coward never refuted the legend; the legend sold Coward.

Not a few have tried to emulate it; a faint whiff of his influence remains. Mincing chorus boys still wear Chinese dressing-gowns and knee-length pyjamas and smoke cigarettes out of long, ebony holders; and there are still people who call each other "Dahling" quite indiscriminately and are capable of saying things like "How perfectly heavenly!" "Absolutely divine!" "Madly gay!" and "Divinely exciting!"

As is usual with legends, it was created out of nothing. He was once so poor he admits filching waitresses' pennies left under the plate. His father was a piano salesman, never particularly successful; but his mother managed to keep the family alive by running a boarding house.

Coward was born in 1899, in Teddington. At the age of six years he went to a day school kept by a Miss Willington, whom he bit, and soon afterwards he made his first stage appearance at a prize-giving concert at the end of the term. Dressed as a sailor he sang "Coo" from *A Country Girl*.

Never Had Stage Fright

He has never suffered from stage fright. Talent appeared at an early age and he never lacked the assurance or the push to make the most of it.

He was never over-burdened with education, though he enjoyed singing and dancing lessons. His mother encouraged and petted him. He was confident then of becoming the greatest actor the world had ever known.

One day in 1910 his mother answered

Coward wrote part for himself in *Private Lives*, produced in 1930. Left to right: Adrienne Allen, Coward, Gertrude Lawrence and Laurence Olivier

an advertisement in a newspaper for an attractive talented boy to act in a fairy play called *The Goldfish*. After an audition he was chosen for the part on a guinea and a half a week.

He next earned £2 a week as a page boy in a comedy in which Charles Hawtrey starred, and when that ended Coward was cast again by Hawtrey in his production of *Where The Rainbow Ends* at the Savoy Theatre.

In the spring of 1913 Coward first met Gertrude Lawrence, in a train at Euston, setting out with Italia Conti and a carriageful of children for a three weeks' engagement with the Liverpool Repertory Company in Basil Dean's production of *Hannele*. Coward and "Gert" Lawrence became firm friends before they were far out of London. They have been so ever since, and share many important milestones in their careers.

Coward began his the way practically every stage star has ever done—through the repertory mill. Once he appeared as an extra in a D. W. Griffith film, *Hearts Of This World*, for which he was paid £1 a day for wheeling a wheelbarrow up and down a village street with Lilian Gish.

The Hard, Narrow Road

But he followed the hard, narrow road to the top of the bill, walking on here and a few lines there—small parts won after dispiriting auditions on bleak denuded stages, with a rickety upright piano and, in the second or third row of the stalls, a small group of people upon whom the job depended muttering constantly to each other or gazing at the stage with such forbidding boredom that even experienced actors' words froze in the gullet.

Coward had written a few little lyrics which he sang at auditions, sitting at the piano, having banished the accompanist with a lordly gesture. His voice was small, but his diction clear and assisted by a violent interplay of facial expressions, sustained pauses, gay laughs, knowing looks.

One day Grossmith and Laurillard held a big audition at the Shaftesbury Theatre in preparation for a musical comedy called *Oh Boy*, with music by Jerome Kern. In his turn Coward sat at the piano and was half-way through his song when he noticed the producers and their henchmen immersed in conversation and not one of them looking at the stage.

Coward stopped dead and waited until their voices died into silence. "I see no point in wasting my time singing to you," he said with his iciest dignity, "if you're not going to waste your time listening to me."

There was a horrified gasp from those waiting at the side of the stage, but George Grossmith, always the perfect gentleman, walked down to the orchestra rail and gently invited Coward to start his song again from the beginning. The upshot of it was that he was offered a part at £12 a week.

At the age of eighteen he conceived a plot for a play, wrote the dialogue for it in a week and gave it to producer Gilbert Miller to read. The play was *The Last Trick*. Miller went to America, and a year later Coward received a cable offering him £400 outright for the play.

He was then living with his mother, who kept a boarding house in Ebury Street, and much of the windfall went towards clearing an overdue quarterly instalment on the place. He bought himself several new suits, and a second-hand piano which was installed with great ceremony in his room above and below their lodgers.

Between engagements and in out-of-work periods, Coward wrote hard. Through the influence of Max Darewski he signed a contract with a music publishing firm to supply lyrics (which were hardly ever used) for £225 over a period of three years.

He wrote sketches, plays, magazine stories, and sold some of these stories, and was able to tell people at last that he was "set" as a writer and earning a living from it. He touched some bleak spots but always kept himself beautifully dressed, his façade light-hearted, his conversation dusted with accounts of "heavenly" parties and the names of the famous he met at them.

From the earliest, Coward had set out to get on intimate terms with celebrities, and before he was nineteen his address book was thickly encrusted with the names of the illustrious—names like Rebecca West, Hugh Walpole, Maugham, Yvonne Arnaud, H. G. Wells, Rose Macaulay, Ronald Colman, Compton Mackenzie, Irene Vanbrugh, Gladys Cooper, John Galsworthy, Gerald du Maurier, Nigel Playfair, Maurice Chevalier.

It wasn't always easy to play down the boarding house in Ebury Street.

Father Was "Maid"

Now and then he would thoughtlessly choose the day of the housemaid's afternoon off to give a tea party, and be embarrassed to see his father come into the room with the tea tray.

But Coward was always well able to gloss over such contretemps. His wit has always supported his presence of mind.

Once on his first visit to New York, in a heat wave and practically penniless, he was frying himself some bacon and found it more comfortable to remain naked. This aroused the moral indignation of a policeman who had been observing him through the open window from the other side of the street, and who came and banged loudly on the door.

But Coward politely invited him inside, turned aside the rage of the law with a glass of red wine; and when the policeman eventually left he lent Coward his revolver, as he said it was a dangerous neighbourhood .

Parties were popular in London at the time when Coward was trying to break in, so he made himself popular at parties. And he contrived to get himself invited everywhere.

He was witty, gay, charming. He played and sang for his friends; he saved their parties from stagnation, and they in turn applauded him to success.

Titled heiresses invited him for week-ends in their castles and on their yachts. They were the first-night set. They could make or mar the future of a play. Elsa Maxwell took him to Venice, for good company, for Coward was always certainly that.

In And Out Of Army

Coward's only career in the Army, he says, was brief and inglorious. In January, 1918, he was examined by a medical board and told that a slight T.B. tendency would prevent his being passed fit for active service. Soon after, he was drafted to a labour corps and sent to a camp in Hounslow.

After one night, Coward got permission to return to London to settle his affairs and immediately went to see all the friends he thought could get him out. The list included three generals and a captain.

None could help, but the captain sent him to a lieutenant in the War Office, who listened to his sad story and telephoned the C.O. in Hounslow, informing him in a sharp official voice that there had been a muddle over N. Coward, and that his civilian clothes were to be sent back immediately.

N. Coward was then drafted to the Artists' Rifles O.T.C., in which he received a head injury while training, and was invalided out of the service with a pension of 7s. 6d. a week for six months.

In 1919 Coward played Ralph in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. He wrote *I'll Leave It To You* from an idea suggested by Gilbert Miller, and this ultimately was produced at the New Theatre in July, 1920.

The critics praised the play, but the public did not respond. The run ended after five weeks.

The following year Coward borrowed £100 and sailed for America in the *Aquitania* with his friend Jeffrey Holmesdale, later Lord Amherst. Coward's important cargo was the scripts of his new plays, for which he had great hopes but achieved little more than the experience of being penniless and hungry in New York, sitting on park benches, and, owing to a carefully preserved wardrobe, being invariably asked for money by brother paupers.

Broke In London

He returned to London to a welter of financial embarrassment. Nobody seemed interested in his plays or anxious to offer him parts at reasonable salaries.

In former days he could have gone on tour or taken a small job in London, but now, having played two or three leading parts, and having actually appeared in his own play in the West End, he was in the awkward position of being too well known to accept small jobs, and not experienced enough to command big ones.

He struck rock bottom, pawned his belongings, wrangled with brokers' men. But another friend lent £200, and, after paying some of his creditors, Coward left his father to manage the boarding house and went with his mother to live in a cottage in the country.

There he wrote *The Queen Was in the Parlour*, and very soon after his luck changed. Robert Courtneidge took up an option on his play, *The Young Idea*, and this finally opened at the Savoy Theatre in February, 1923, with Coward playing the part of Sholto himself.

The play was well received. That first night he stepped up into the groove marked "success." He has never been broke or hungry since.

London Calling followed, which he wrote and composed, and also starred in for £40 a week; and in the brisk months that flicked by, Coward's fame rocketed, bursting in clusters over the skies of London and New York.

During 1925 and 1926 he scored more hit successes in the two greatest capitals of the world, making more money more quickly than probably any other playwright before or since. In 1925 three productions were running concurrently—*The Vortex*, *Fallen Angels*, and his revue, *On With The Dance*, followed by *Hay Fever*, with Marie

Continued on page 20

In John Bull

A brave woman gives a moving account of her fight against infantile paralysis. . . . Peter Cheyney, ace crime author, writes a new complete story

next week

Poacher slinks home as dawn dangerously lightens sky. Traditional Lincolnshire song that says poachers delight in "shiny" night is "all bunkum"

A poacher tells his story

by RICHARD COLLIER

The lone wolf with his shotgun and traps is out. Today's poacher works in a syndicate, uses only gas or nets for his prey, and deals direct with the trade

FROM THE UPPER windows of the hotel where Neil works, you get a good idea of the territory involved. It is a countryside of great distances, where the Lincolnshire wolds slope gently for mile upon mile; the towers of Lincoln Cathedral, standing out very sharply on a fine day, the nearest landmark to be seen.

The few farms stand isolated in the valleys, where even the click of a door-latch can be heard a quarter of a mile away on an autumn night. The hill-tops are covered with thick belts of woodland and scrub, good cover for agile men who are anxious to avoid being seen.

"In fact," says Neil, "you couldn't wish for better poaching country anywhere"—and, since Neil has been poaching it pretty consistently for nineteen of his thirty-four years, his verdict is expert.

Neil is the chef at a local "family and commercial," tall and fair-haired. He has carefully cultivated tastes in strong beer, leisure and good food. Less highly developed is his sense of right and wrong: like most poachers, he can offer few valid excuses for his anti-social activities.

Neil's excuse is that he craved excitement from the moment he left school, but a Lincolnshire market-town was the last place on earth in which to find it. "I tried poultry farming, but all my blessed cockerels died, so I took up bricklaying, but they'd no sooner given me my hod than they gave me my cards as well." Idling away four years in a series of unprofitable jobs, Neil claims that poaching was about the only thing for which he had any aptitude.

His first companion and mentor was Dan, a casual worker on the farms, "who, I suppose, would be what they call a spiv nowadays. That's to say, he always had the price of a pint, but never the price of two, and the day's work was always over for him by the time they'd finished threshing."

Once or twice a week Neil went out with him, to learn the art of working with a ferret and net.

Nothing To It

Neil says that going poaching Dan's way involved surprisingly little equipment. Apart from their ferrets, all they needed was a net—sheep-netting bought from the local ironmonger at 13s. 8d. per fifty yards—and a bicycle.

The net they converted themselves, fashioning it into sixty-yard lengths, thirty inches deep, with long loose "sleeves" or pockets sewn into it as a final touch. Operating in this way meant that the poacher's job was fairly stationary: the net was pegged up on eighteen-inch stakes, directly facing a rabbit warren, and the ferrets were then sent down to drive the rabbits up into the net "sleeves."

The success of the manoeuvre depended largely on how well they had trained their ferret and how carefully they had balanced its diet. Between May and October, the breeding season, most poachers feed their ferrets liberally, cutting down their diet severely as soon as autumn approaches. The training—with a muzzle or a piece of string attached to the neck—is equally important: an untrained ferret eats its quarry instead of flushing it.

One day, at the age of nineteen, Neil got fed up with everything—"I'd just had the sack from a Grimsby fish-and-chip bar"—and signed on as an assistant cook with the Merchant Navy.

In the next eleven years he saw plenty of travel. In 1945, released from the Merchant Service, with a regular £7-a-week job, married to a local girl, Neil found that life was becoming increasingly humdrum.

Together with Bob, a young ex-fighter pilot who manages a pub, and Dave, a farm worker, he formed a syndicate to promote poaching "on the grand scale." The profits on a week's poaching are split equally.

Neil's small Ford is used to ferry them to and from the scenes of their crimes. Bob's pub serves, on occasion, as a useful cache for their game. Since working with ferrets limits their activities, Dave has supplied a lurcher, a cross between a Smithfield cattle-dog and a greyhound, which combines the intelligence and dependability of the former with the speed of the latter.

Like most present-day poachers, they are part-timers, who excuse themselves on the grounds that poaching is more of a sport than a way of making easy money. Certainly they can no longer claim hunger as their motive, since any skilled poacher, working with snares alone, could comfortably fill his larder after only half-an-hour's work a week.

October To May

As a general rule, they confine their activities to rabbits, pheasants, partridges and hares, working between October and May for two or three nights a week. Few carry guns.

Neil and company normally set out on an expedition an hour after closing time, working non-stop from eleven thirty till two, though occasionally they have an early morning foray between five and seven. They choose a spot within three or four miles' radius of Neil's home, parking the car within easy distance of their finishing point in case they have to make a quick getaway.

Choice of area is important for two reasons. In the first place, as Neil

Special John Bull painting by Wyndham Robinson shows ferret being used to keep down vermin. Poachers' ferrets are trained not to eat kill

says, "poaching's like bootlegging—within reason, everyone has their own territory. In the second place, the local copper knows me and he knows my car—he's not going to worry like a strange copper would if he sees it parked by the roadside."

Plans for the night's operations are always roughly mapped out in advance, usually in late lunch-time sessions at Bob's pub. The syndicate decides what territory they will invade, what their quarry will be, where it shall be hidden until they can dispose of it.

Neil says: "In pubs we always talk about 'long-tailed rabbits'—rabbits are vermin, pheasants are game." Often their choice of game is decided for them by one of the local poulterers, who is finding difficulty in satisfying his customers' demands.

Changes in the weather have to be taken into consideration. "That song about the Lincolnshire Poacher, for instance," says Neil, "'It's my delight on a shiny night'—all bunkum. The less light there is about, the better we like it. Once, on a foggy December morning, I got a whole covey of partridges within a hundred yards of the keeper's house."

Rules They Always Keep

Once they have ventured on to private property, the poachers have to keep certain well-established "musts" clearly in mind. As far as possible, for instance, they try to keep the wind in their faces all the time—partly to preserve their sense of direction, partly to avoid being detected by the birds, which always roost facing the wind.

Climbing wire fences is taboo, and Neil always carries a pair of wire-cutters—the twanging staples can sound an alarm over a great distance. Hiding from keepers is a matter of falling flat on your face and keeping still, for, like most modern poachers, Neil scorns the "havelock," the black cowl-like hood with eye slits that the old-time poacher slipped over his head and shoulders. Once, he says, a keeper passed within a yard of all three of them and suspected nothing.

Neil's method of poaching pheasants sounds deceptively easy; the only equipment required is a telescopic metal tube, extending up to 20 ft. in length, and a small lump of carbide in a tobacco tin. The tube is extended to the height of the roosting birds—15 ft. when nesting, otherwise not more than 6 ft.—the carbide is ignited, and the fumes, travelling up the tube, temporarily "gas" the pheasants and topple them off their perch. Some poachers use sulphur instead, but Neil claims that it leaves a tell-tale smell.

Another favourite method, which Neil rejects as being over-complicated, is the "hingle" or snare, four strands of pliable copper wire. The hingle is laid round a 3-in. deep hole that the poacher has already constructed in the ground, and the hole is then partially filled with dried peas. The poacher has to lie concealed on the spot until a pheasant takes the bait, then jerk tight the noose.

"But," Neil confesses, "the Romanies have got us all beaten when it comes to taking pheasants. They just swarm up the trees with a flash-light and knock 'em off with a big stick!"

While Partridges Sleep

Partridges, by contrast, are not "gassed," but "netted"; the poachers wait for a dark, dry December night before they draw their net across the grass or barley stubble where the partridges sleep. Neil and company often use the same methods where rabbits are concerned, though in this instance they work with their lurcher, which drives the rabbits towards them as they "draw."

Neil's syndicate never works the same ground twice in one week, and in cases where game preserves are involved, they allow even longer to elapse. The safest territory is usually on the outskirts of a farm, for farmers rarely bother with poachers provided their chickens are left intact.

Inside a preserve they normally work within 500 yards of the keeper's lodge—"they patrol the main rides a lot but they rarely look for us close to home." If discovery seems imminent, they abandon everything and run, choosing a devious cross-country route back to the car. Nine times out of ten it is practicable to recover the equipment unseen at a later date.

Relationships between keepers and poachers—usually on nodding terms with one another in the village pub—vary according to the personalities concerned. One local gamekeeper, for instance, always rounds up the poachers to work as beaters whenever there is a day's rough shooting; he likes to have them where he can keep his eye on them.

Another, less congenial, refuses to be handicapped by the fact that he has only one assistant and only one gun. Advancing on an armed poacher on one occasion, he thrust this gun into his assistant's hands, remarking manfully: "If he shoots I, you shoot he."

The side-line profits that go with modern poaching give it the aspect more of a thriving racket than a "sport," though the poulterers, equally guilty, get much of the "gravy." Rabbits, for instance, worth 2s. a couple to Neil, are controlled at a maximum of 1s. 9d. each in the local shops. Pheasants, at 30s. a brace, are £3 a brace to the customer. Partridges, at 16s. a brace, hares at 4s. each, are respectively 25s. and 7s. 6d. in the towns. Ducks, controlled at just below 5s., bring Neil 3s. 6d. apiece.

Keep Mouths Shut

Currently the syndicate supplies four local poulterers and fishmongers, plus a small number of private clients, though Neil's cunning has taught him that, in the long run, it always pays to deal direct with the shops—"they know how to box clever and keep their mouths shut, and they often tell you what they need in advance."

An average week's bag for the syndicate, between October and May, would be in the region of 100 couples of rabbits, three brace of partridges and four brace of pheasants, with an occasional hare or duck thrown in. The best bag of pheasants they ever knew was six brace in one night, the best for rabbits ninety-eight couples.

But Ministry of Food controls and falling game prices have hit the poachers just as hard as the unscrupulous poulterers: whereas today they reckon to make £6 a week "pocket money" each, they could make almost double that amount a year ago, when rabbits fetched up to 6s. a couple, hares as much as 7s. 6d. each.

Should Neil or any of his cronies actually be caught on the job by night, the maximum penalties under the Night Poaching Act are three months' hard labour for the first offence, six months' hard for the second, up to seven years for the third. Poaching by day, they would be liable for no more than a £2 fine under the Game Act, though if any of them were armed they would all be liable for fourteen years' penal servitude.

But since poachers are fleet and have the advantage of numbers, comparatively few *are* caught. Just over 1,800 poachers appeared last year before British benches, but few magistrates exacted more than the normal penalty of a £5 fine, plus confiscation of the nets.

Sten Gun Boys

Since the war's end, Neil and the others have become increasingly disturbed by the methods of a new class of "poachers"; the toughs who mow down deer with Sten guns, and shoot down whole coveys of partridges from 30-h.p. American cars.

Though Neil and company, with some justification, regard themselves as "sportsmen" by comparison, the fact remains that they are equally guilty of a crime—a crime that has reached alarming proportions. The poachers' depredations, which cost British estates no more than £50,000 a year before the war, are now reckoned to be more than ten times that figure.

But even the force of that fact carries little weight with Neil after so many years in the game. He says: "Poaching's like drug-taking — the more you do it, the more you want to."

JOHN BULL September 17 1949

How they found a rheumatism cure

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

One doctor traced the source of the disease; another discovered a new compound. Together they produced a treatment which has convinced the most sceptical

Arthritis patient winces at a touch. Short treatment banished pain

ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1948, a doctor from the Mayo Institute in Minnesota gave an intramuscular injection to a married woman of twenty-nine who had suffered from severe rheumatoid arthritis for more than four years. She was in great pain, could barely get out of bed, and, once out, could scarcely walk.

Eight days later, all the joint swellings had disappeared and she went shopping for three hours. She returned feeling tired but without pain.

A cure for rheumatism had been discovered at last.

There are all sorts of saving clauses. Supplies are limited. They are at the moment fantastically expensive. There is need for much further research. Yet the fact remains that a brand new substance has cured what seemed to be hopelessly crippled cases and brightened the future for millions.

News Was Played Down

Compound E is its name. It has produced more dramatic results in rheumatoid arthritis than any treatment previously applied. And it is difficult to think of any treatment which has *not* been tried.

That is one reason why most of the newspapers in this country played down the news of the discovery. Rheumatoid arthritis is known to have existed in prehistoric times and ever since then a cure has been sought without success. There have been too many alleged cures which raised hopes only to dash them again.

If editors were suspicious, doctors were doubly so. Yet, when the story of Compound E was recently told in New York to the Seventh International Congress of Rheumatic Diseases, more than a thousand experts from all over the world, including a British delegation led by Lord Horder, cheered like undergraduates.

The two men they cheered were Dr. Philip S. Hench and Dr. Edward C. Kendall. Each had been engaged in medical research for years; but their triumphant collaboration did not begin until just over a year ago.

Kendall, head of the Mayo Foundation's Division of Biochemistry, had for years been studying the chemistry of the hormones secreted by the tiny suprarenal glands which lie immediately above the kidneys. Hench, studying rheumatic diseases for the past twenty years, had become America's outstanding expert.

Hench reached the conclusion that all the apparently different diseases grouped together as rheumatism were not due to any kind of microbe, as had been supposed.

Oddities Gave The Clue

It was true that certain germs—streptococci—seemed to be associated with rheumatism, but they could also be found in people who had never suffered from the disease. In patients who had both rheumatism and these germs, the germs might be there when the rheumatism had disappeared, or they might themselves disappear when the rheumatism symptoms flared up.

So Hench threw over the microbic theory and concentrated on two well-known and apparently inexplicable oddities.

One was that if a young woman who has rheumatoid arthritis becomes pregnant, the rheumatic condition almost disappears five or six weeks after conception. It does not reappear until three or four weeks after the baby is born.

Hench studied 150 women between the ages of twenty and forty. In few cases was there no relief of the rheumatoid arthritis during pregnancy.

Symptoms Disappeared

Most of these women were completely better from a month after conception to a month after the confinement. One woman crippled with rheumatoid arthritis lost her rheumatic symptoms nine times in nine successive pregnancies.

Exactly the same remission of rheumatic symptoms was seen in patients who developed jaundice. Hench had thirty such patients, and in twenty-five of them the rheumatoid arthritis disappeared during an attack of jaundice.

In another group of twenty-three jaundiced and rheumatic patients, twenty-two lost all their rheumatic symptoms. Any kind of jaundice produces this effect and the relief from rheumatoid arthritis may last from two weeks to two years.

Hench reasoned from this that the disease was potentially reversible. The remission of rheumatoid arthritis had nothing to do with microbes or germs, since there are no microbes concerned in a normal pregnancy. It must be due to some biochemical change in the body. And that change was presumably the reverse of the one which produced the disease.

This argument fitted all the known facts. Starvation alone will relieve rheumatoid symptoms in some cases. Gold injections cure about ten to fifteen per cent of cases.

Removal of tonsils or adenoids or infected teeth seemed to cure other cases. There are, in fact, a dozen or more kinds of treatment which will relieve some cases but not others.

Somewhere there was a common denominator. Hench set out to find the internal bodily mechanism which was triggered into action by all these different methods.

All sorts of glandular hormones which increase or decrease in pregnancy were tried without success. All the curious chemicals which are found in the blood in cases of jaundice were tried without success.

Experiments On Animals

Then another research worker, Dr. Selye, provided the next clues by producing in animals the kind of changes in the joints and in the heart which are found in human rheumatism.

Selye had applied to animals all sorts of stresses and strains and noxious agents. And all the changes they produced seemed to depend on two hormones. One was secreted by the pituitary gland just below the brain, and this stimulated increased secretion of another hormone by the suprarenal glands.

Rheumatism in man conformed closely to the rheumatism Selye produced in animals. Just as animal rheumatism followed all sorts of stresses, so human rheumatism may appear as the result of overwork, exposure to damp, worry, the menopause, kidney disease, sore throats,

The new treatment begins. Patient walks only with difficulty

Eight days later comes free movement. Appetite is improved

Real agility. But relapse came when injections stopped

scarlet fever and a similar mixed bag of stresses and strains.

The stresses are all different, but the rheumatic reaction is the same.

Hench added another argument: all kinds of shock are associated in some way with over-stimulation of the suprarenal glands. All the operations which relieve rheumatism cause some degree of operative shock. The greater the shock, the greater the suprarenal response—and the greater the relief.

Taking one tooth out of a rheumatoid patient's mouth does very little good. Extracting all the teeth at one sitting—which causes a real operative shock—is often followed by a long period of freedom from the rheumatic symptoms.

Feeling that he really was on the right track, Hench decided to try all the different complicated chemical hormones that could be obtained from the suprarenal glands—and turned to Kendall for help.

Kendall had been working for years on the chemistry of the suprarenal glands and had separated out the crystalline compounds A, B, C and D in 1934, and E and F a year later.

But it was not until September, 1948 that Kendall had produced enough of his Compound E to treat a few patients.

The Two Join Forces

At that stage, as Kendall himself has put it, "Dr. Hench could be described as a clinician with much information about rheumatoid arthritis and with little hope except for the future. I could be described as a chemist with much information about Compound E and also with little but hope for its future. Co-operation has changed all this."

The results of that co-operation are now on record. There are case notes in the kind of medical shorthand that seems designed to baffle everyone but the authors. There are also films to convince the most sceptical.

Following on the initial injections of the twenty-nine year old married woman, sixteen other men and women, whose ages ranged up to sixty-two, were similarly treated and showed the same kind of response. They all had severe rheumatoid arthritis. Muscle and joint stiffness began to disappear within forty-eight hours. Pain on movement diminished as rapidly. Mild deformities of elbows and knees disappeared in a week.

Men who had not been able to shave themselves for a year were able to do so. Women who had not been able to wash their own hair for a year could do so.

They all gained weight and they all had improved appetites. In addition, the depression and frustration that so often accompany the crippling effects of rheumatoid arthritis disappeared.

At five other clinics, enough Compound E was made available to allow other specialists to try it in cases of acute rheumatic fever and polyarthritis. The results were just as good. Yet each clinic had only enough Compound E to treat two patients for two weeks.

These are the facts which point for the first time to the prospect of control of all the rheumatic diseases.

Here are the snags. As soon as the injections of Compound E are stopped the patient relapses. In other words Compound E is like insulin. Diabetics lead a perfectly normal life with daily injections of insulin but relapse once the insulin is stopped.

Compound E seems to act similarly. Yet diabetics have long ceased to regard daily injections as anything more than a minor nuisance.

There is also the case of the farmer's wife who arrived at the Mayo Clinic in a wheel-chair. She walked out a few weeks later and the improvement continued for five weeks during which she did all her work in the house.

If this has happened for five weeks, in one out of sixteen cases it may be possible to reproduce the same effect for much longer periods.

More Research Needed

In the first woman to be treated there were some undesirable side-effects. She developed a mild acne of the face, slight non-feminine hairiness, and her periods stopped. These are obviously points that need investigating and will be overcome.

Most important snag is that Compound E is so difficult to produce that at present a three-weeks' course of treatment costs 18,000 dollars and supplies are not likely to be available except for research until 1950.

Here again the picture is not as black as it looks. By December of last year the preparations of Compound E used were purer and more potent than the earlier samples.

By January it was found that Compound E acetate is less expensive and easier to prepare. Now it seems likely that Compound E can be prepared more cheaply from a curious tropical vine which grows to a height of eighty feet. The rest is obviously the penicillin problem all over again.

The first few doses of penicillin ever used cost thousands of pounds. Now penicillin can be bought cheaply anywhere in the world. Soon the same will apply to Compound E.

Lord Horder said recently that in Great Britain there are more than a million sufferers from rheumatism. The cost to the country in sick pay, lost wages, and the expense of treatment is put at £30,000,000 a year.

Results In A Year

Compound E will be available for research purposes in this country in a matter of months now. A year from now there will be some of the farmers' wives in this country, previously crippled with rheumatism, walking back to work in the farmhouse.

Philip S. Hench and Edward C. Kendall have now given the name "Cortisone" to this new substance which is chemically: 17-hydroxy-11-dehydrocorticosterone.

The name "Compound E" was being confused with vitamin E which is quite different. They both insist that at this early stage "Cortisone" represents no more than a research weapon for "investigative treatment."

The fact remains that this particular research weapon, the culmination of twenty years' work by two brilliant teams brilliantly directed, has already had the same impact upon the study of rheumatism as insulin had upon the study of diabetes.

Unwelcome Guest

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

Uncle Auguste was most indignant. A guest betraying youth with strong liquor! This called for some rousing oratory

OF COURSE, it's all a long time ago now. The night I'm talking about, Jack came up the drain-pipe into our bedroom and scared me out of a year's growth by his sudden appearance in the starlight. He was standing there like a phantom, beckoning me with his finger.

Even today, I can't see a man get to his feet to make a speech without thinking of my Uncle Auguste and Roberto that night.

My father had a family estate that had once been a castle and later a farm-house up in the Juras, and my brother Jack and I used to spend our holidays there. Uncle Auguste was supposed to be our tutor. The place was cluttered with medieval, disused farm buildings, and high up there in the great solitudes it was eerie enough in the daytime.

At night it was easy to believe in the local legends about werewolves. I mention this because I was never quite sure what was behind me in those long, stone corridors. You could hear things in the forest, and in places the walls were eight feet thick. Down in the cellars was a chamber where they used to keep prisoners.

My brother was a boy who would have a go at anything and he generally got what he wanted. I don't think he gave a damn for anyone. It was natural enough that I should drag on some clothes over my nightshirt and follow him back down the pipe. He went silently over the old bridge and across the courtyard keeping to the black shadows. Up the mountain road it was quiet as the grave and thin wisps of mist trailed like feathers in the moonlight.

"Where are we headed for?" I whispered at length, thinking of Uncle Auguste and what he would say.

I was to learn later that Jack had made some interesting friends in the village among the riff-raff who smuggled tobacco over the frontier in the valley where the River Doubs separates Switzerland from France, and had been spending the evening with them. Now, he just motioned me to silence.

I was rather scared of our uncle Auguste. He was the most self-important, pernickety little tyrant I've ever known. Any sudden sound would make him jump and if you scraped your knife at table he would flinch. He could tell anyone his business—he knew best about everything—and you couldn't stop him making a speech. Whatever Uncle Auguste started speaking about, the oration always ended up with the Glory of France.

Even at meal times he made the conversation non-stop and instructive. "Where was Molière born?" he would shoot at Jack, and my brother—who had never heard of him—would say Brighton, or Dijon. It was astonishing how often he would guess right.

My brother stopped at length at the old cattle shed which was backed up against the forest at a turn in the road. I could see the roofs of the village below like a concertina in the moonlight. "In there!" Jack said excitedly.

I OPENED the heavy door and peered inside. I thought he had captured a chamois, or perhaps a mountain goat. He was always bringing animals home to share the hospitality of our bedroom and quite recently had kept two ferrets for some time in a hat box under the bed. I lost sleep not only on account of the scratching under the bed but also through imagining Uncle Auguste finding out.

At first I could see nothing in the dark, then—in the next terrible split second—every hair on my head was stiff on end and, with a sickening lurch, my heart had stopped dead. I still sweat to think about it.

At first I thought it was a shadowy sort of man about my own size that came close up against me in the dark. Then I saw pointed ears and I heard someone scream. It was me, and I was running for my life.

My brother caught me at the stone bridge over the old moat. "It's only a bear, you fool!" he said. "Belongs to an Italian who takes it round fairs. I expect they wouldn't let him keep it in the stables at the inn. It's *tame*."

I could hardly breathe, let alone speak.

"His name's Roberto and I had him

I clung to the banisters spell-bound as Uncle Auguste, in his nightgown, addressed Roberto on the sacred nature of hospitality

out in the road doing his stuff before I woke you."

"So what?"

"We're going to get him along home."

"We're not!" But I knew what the result would be. No one ever won an argument with my brother Jack.

Roberto was standing in the middle of the road in the moonlight when we got back, with his paws hooked down in front of his brown belly. My hair was shifting uneasily still and I didn't like to look at him in case I might find him looking at me. Jack said: "Psst! Roberto!" and the bear ambled along beside him. I followed them and I must say they looked in the darkness all the world like two peasants rolling home.

Roberto eyed the château and seemed to approve. He was an amiable sort of bear, it seemed. My brother shinned up the drainpipe, opened the front door and we walked in. Our guest looked round again, over the great hall and the wide staircase leading to the gallery. Someone had tossed a hat on the table. Roberto picked it up, smelt inside, then pulled it down over his ears and began to dance. I needn't have worried about waking my uncle and scaring him out of his pompous wits. A 200-pound bear is about the softest thing on his feet there is.

My brother was delighted. He fetched a stick and Roberto seemed to relish the double turn. In no time Jack had sneaked upstairs to get a pair of Uncle Auguste's trousers and the coat he attended meetings of the local council in.

I wasn't easy about all this. I was thinking: What if Uncle Auguste wakes up and sees Roberto? He would never survive the fright. We should have a corpse on our hands.

My brother fed Roberto on biscuits smeared with treacle and gave him a bottle of beer, which slowed him up. In fact, Roberto was now reclining in an armchair with his feet crossed and he looked ready for bed. "Better take him back now," I suggested.

"He's staying the night."

"He's *not*!" I protested.

"In our bedroom. In the clothes closet." My brother snapped his fingers and the bear obediently followed him. "*Avanti!*" he ordered and Roberto lumbered into the closet. He certainly was the best-natured bear I'd heard of.

Jack shut the door of the closet and set the candle down on the chest. We could now hear a queer wheezing sound as Roberto began to fall asleep. It was, I suppose, an odd sort of situation, but it didn't seem odd at the time. My brother has a way of carrying you with him. I never really cared for ferrets under the bed, if it comes to that.

But the pay-off was to come. I was sitting on my bed pulling off my boots when I knew that the door had opened a crack. I looked up and there was my Uncle Auguste, candle in hand, a picture of righteous indignation in his long nightgown. "And now it has come to spending the night out in the village!" he said.

He had been out to catch us at something for a long time.

"The English—no discipline! No family life! It comes of sending their children out to school."

He stalked across to peer short-sightedly at my brother, who was paying no attention at all to him. He wasn't then more than six feet away from the door of the clothes closet and Roberto was now gently snoring. My heart had stopped.

"So!" Uncle Auguste said. "I withdraw my permission for you to attend the *Fête Nationale*."

In the ordinary way this was punishment we could have taken. The pastéur was to take us English boys in his party for an eight-kilometres' trek up the mountain, but my brother planned to drop off the line just above the village and join some of his new pals in a little smuggling. For weeks he had been laying out his scheme and I saw him turn pale now. Anyone except Uncle Auguste would have wondered why my brother was so keen to join the slab-sided local maidens dancing round a bonfire up in the forest.

Neither of us spoke. We wanted the old fool out of the room in the quickest possible time. But—no one could ever stop my Uncle Auguste—he was clearing his throat and slipping easily into his well-worn lecture No. 2 on the Sacredness of Family Life. And all the time Roberto's snores were working up.

From Family Life we passed on to A Man's Position in the Community and from there to the Glories of France. Oratory was beginning to flow when suddenly—as if cut off at the main—my Uncle Auguste's eloquence ceased. "*What was that?*" he said sharply.

He peered towards the closet door.

My brother was hurriedly improvising on the subject of rats when something heavy shifted inside the closet and there followed sounds like an alligator with hiccups. The bottled beer.

I closed my eyes as my Uncle Auguste pulled at the door. I heard him say, in a voice of the utmost satisfaction: "*Drunk!*"

When my eyes opened, I saw his arm pointing dramatically to the door of the room. "Leave this house!" Uncle Auguste ordered and my brother and I exchanged an incredulous look.

Roberto stood for a moment puzzled. The hat was still over his ears and my uncle's clothes still more or less in place, but he could not quite make out what all this high-sounding talk was about. He turned and shuffled out, and we breathed again.

"You have abused the privilege of a guest," Uncle Auguste stated as he followed Roberto out. Without his pince-nez he was too blind even to recognize the back of his own trousers as he trailed Roberto down the stairs.

Down in the hall, Roberto stopped to telegraph up to us on the gallery a beseeching look. He didn't want to be turned out into the night. My heart did a somersault as Uncle Auguste pushed Roberto on with his hand. "To betray youth with strong liquor," my uncle said, "is a hideous thing."

Once outside, with the smell of the pines in his nostrils, Roberto stopped to think. It was a fatal move with anyone like my uncle Auguste on the doorstep.

I clung to the banisters upstairs, fascinated as my uncle got into his stride. Uncle Auguste started with his Position as Chief Magistrate and passed quickly on to the Sacred Nature of Hospitality. I could see the vague shape of Roberto, his shoulders hunched, peering up from under the brim of his hat, listening patiently.

We had Family Life as the Root-strength of the Country and soon the periods were working up once more to the Glories of France and the Eternal Friendship of Man. It was a magnificent performance that held me spellbound until my Uncle Auguste finally closed the door.

I was surprised to find when I ducked back that my brother was already in bed and fast asleep.

Next morning established my Uncle Auguste for miles around as a man of action and of superb presence of mind. It happened this way. After breakfast Uncle Auguste, taking his customary stroll on the terrace, suddenly saw Roberto. The bear emerged from a cow-shed scratching the back of his neck and yawning.

Uncle Auguste made a noise like a gum boot out of a swamp and fainted, but before he had time to hit the floor something galvanized his frame to action and he was inside the door in a flash. Most of Uncle Auguste was paralysed with fright, but not—oh, not!—the vocal chords.

"*Sauve qui peut!*" he yelled. "State of siege! Sound the alarm! Each man for himself!"

When I looked round my brother Jack was nowhere about. I've never seen such confusion, so many orders and counter orders in my life. The great bell over the tower was tolling; the farmhands coming in, thinking it was Christmas or something; folk staring up the mountainside from the village below; my Uncle Auguste personally piling things against the doors.

Jack came back up the spout into our bedroom and he handed me a bundle of clothing to brush and get back into some sort of shape. He had locked Roberto in the cowshed and sent for the Italian.

When the *pompiers* arrived from the village—last, as is the custom with fire brigades all over the world—every man, woman, and child of the district was either barricaded inside the château or outside in the courtyard fighting to get in.

Jack threw the front door open thereby causing Uncle Auguste for the second time almost to die of heart failure.

"Lucky for you folks my Uncle Auguste is a man of presence of mind," Jack announced. "All is safe now. You can go home." He went on to describe how, meeting this ferocious animal, my uncle threw him into a shed and locked the door. "You may thank his presence of mind for saving your lives," my brother said.

"I forbid——" Uncle Auguste began. "I do not wish——" he tried afresh. His bulging eye caught Jack's and then passed on to the expectant villagers. "I only did my duty to you as a community."

"*That's* better!" Jack told him.

I followed my brother up the wide stairs. "Get his things back?" Jack asked and when I nodded he said: "The gasbag and I understand each other now. We shall have no more trouble with him."

I could hear my uncle's voice in the great hall below. "My good friends, now that you are here and the danger, happily, is past, I have a few observations to record on the art of self-defence in case of sudden emergency. . . ."

"See what I mean?" Jack asked.

Jack was right about Uncle Auguste. We went to the fête, of course, and Jack dropped off the line as planned and brought back two pounds of French tobacco and a quart of cognac. I never heard how the Italian got his bear safely away from all the shotguns carried by the peasantry, but we didn't hear of Roberto or his master again. Jack had probably fixed it.

Yes, it's all a long time ago now, but to this day I can't see the look that comes into a man's face when he pushes to his feet to make a speech, without thinking of my Uncle Auguste orating to a bear in the moonlight.

I have often wondered what would have happened if he had known he pushed Roberto down the stairs.

"If it doesn't come into a goldfish bowl this time—you're sacked!"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Joy of Living

AN American writer says his nation's mission is to save mankind from "the despair of living." If mankind were aware it was suffering from this malady, I'm sure it would be duly grateful.

But I don't believe it. I think that ordinary men and women are not aware of anything of the sort.

People who are content to take others for what they are, who accept the commonplaces of life and strive cheerfully to make the best out of the worst, find far more joy than despair about living.

Despair is the result of frustration. Frustration is largely the result of refusing to accept reality and continually wanting what you haven't got.

Perhaps our friend is confusing spinelessness with despair.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Colonel Gayre (centre) drinks to his new enterprise. To find the secret of mead making took him ten years

"Wassail!" is the toast

by HARRY HOPKINS

"DRINK HAIL!" is the correct reply. The drink is mead, the wine of the bees, called the nectar without a hangover. One man's faith has re-created it from the secret recipes of the medieval tipplers

LIEUT.-COL. G. R. Gayre, M.A., D.Sc., is an unusual man. He has a sense of the past, so overpowering, so vivid, that he has actually been able to start a business in it—and make it pay.

When the bearded vikings came storming up the Kent shore recently, they celebrated their invasion in beakers of mead. This ancient English drink was not just another pageant property. It came from the streamlined plant of Mead Makers Limited.

And it was being drunk at that moment not only by pseudo-vikings in Broadstairs but by highly contemporary citizens of this jet-propelled world. It was, in fact, Colonel Gayre's mead.

What turned the colonel's attention at the age of forty to this novel field of postwar enterprise? It is a long and colourful story strung upon two main strands. The first strand was his love of bees and bee-keeping; the second, his passionate interest in the old ways of life, background to the study of ethnography, the science of the races.

A soldier by profession, he spent his leaves among the bee-hives of his Sussex garden. He developed a theory about bees, as about most things.

It was a characteristic theory: that the foreign bees now so largely stocking British hives would never really habituate themselves to our weather. The native bee was the bee for us.

Unfortunately, the native bee was an angry fellow, a great stinger of bee-keepers. The colonel decided that he would tame it. He would breed the wildness out of it.

Then, the other strand. Resignation from the Army gave him a chance to travel through Europe, studying the traditions, the old ways of life. Everywhere he found the aroma of mead.

According to the old Norse legends, draughts of mead served by beautiful maidens had been one of the rewards of the warrior on reaching Valhalla. From the Sanskrit *Rig-Vedas* of five thousand years ago to Chaucer and Shakespeare, the literature that came down from the past was full of the praise of mead, the drink of the gods.

Honey, the fruit of the bee. Honey-brew the drink of the ancient peoples. In mead, Colonel Gayre's two interests came together.

He began to comb through old books for mead-making hints. They were plentiful and varied, but they were not, he felt, enough. For who, possessing the secret, would be fool enough to write it down?

Putting together his gleanings, helped by his early training as a biologist, he went to work himself with honey and water and yeast and spices. He became a nuisance in the kitchen.

From the old books, the colonel had developed a precise idea of the nature of true mead. Could he and his English bees not re-create the drink of the medieval Britons?

For ten years he tried to find the answer.

When the war came he was getting near. But even the war could not altogether stop the colonel's pursuit of his elixir. As he jolted around the East Anglian countryside between his anti-tank gun positions, his Kilner jars of honey and yeast rattled together in the back of the Army truck.

By a strange coincidence, his batman was a beekeeper also. When the two of them spied a wild bees' nest in a hollow tree they would stop the truck and chop the tree down to gather the honey: raw material for one more experiment.

It's Made Like A Wine

By VE-Day the colonel felt he held the secret.

Pondering over the product of his researches, he decided that what had been good enough for Chaucer and Shakespeare and the medieval drinkers was very definitely good enough for him—and probably would be for a good many others.

Far from being a heavy sticky brew, mead could be made through all the delicate variations of good white wine.

And, though the alcoholic content of the wine of the bee was greater than that of the equivalent wine of the grape, it left no hangover.

Mead, the colonel discovered, had given way to wine not because of any inferiority but because, with an increase in population, grape cultivation could be easily extended, whereas honey became more and more scarce.

Today, he reflected, conditions had changed once again. Britain had miles of cultivated clover—and around 150,000 bee-keepers. These men could be trusted to give an enthusiastic backing to a revived mead industry.

Moreover, there was a powerful nostalgic appeal which the colonel was not the man to neglect. Sipping this old English nectar, men might escape for a moment from this drab hurrying age. The ancients had written of mead as a magic drink. Maybe it would have a magic for moderns, too.

The colonel found himself getting down to details. There would, for instance, be climatic requirements. These would probably place the revived British wine industry in the south-west of the mild winters.

Search For A Site

Thus it came about that one morning in the spring of 1947 the town clerks of every town in the south-west found in their mail a letter making a somewhat unusual request. Were there, the writer wished to know, within their district, any vacant premises suitable for making mead.

With one exception, the town clerks do not appear to have treated this request very seriously. The exception was a businesslike letter which drew attention to a certain disused flour mill in the hamlet of Gulval, twelve miles from Land's End.

As soon as he saw the old Gulval mill, tall and stoutly built of stone, the colonel knew that this was it. Here were 40,000 square feet of floor

The Hall of the Meadmakers. It's what the American tourists ordered

In a Cornish village, old and modern processes combine to make mead

space. And Gulval was almost the most southerly parish in England.

On June 1, 1947, Mead Makers Limited took possession. Mead making started the moment the company moved in. The great oak vats were mounted on the bare joists and the floors built in around them as the first batches of liquid honey began to ferment.

Sitting in his office in the Mead House, surrounded by old prints, heraldic designs and ancient weapons, the chief meadmaker told me the story of how he had grappled with the problem of reviving and marketing in the twentieth century a medieval product.

Gravity Does The Work

With future competition from low labour cost wine-making lands very much in mind, he designed a streamlined system in which gravity would do much of the work. As the wine matured, it descended through the oak vats from floor to floor.

I saw the honey-melting room, the honey-extracting room, the immense honey-storage tanks ready to receive the products of the company's twelve apiaries, stocked now with native English bees—duly tamed.

I went into the "Gruit" room where a score of different sorts of herbs from the company's two herb gardens are dried and mixed into a "gruit" according to a treasured formula. There were sections, too, for the by-products, yeast tonic, packed herbs, honey.

When it comes to marketing the product, Colonel Gayre abandons the twentieth century and makes a dive again into his beloved Middle Ages.

"We're old-fashioned people here," he says. "We're not going to use modern methods to push mead. We're not going to cover the country with announcements. We believe it's the sort of thing that sells itself."

Bait For The Buyers

To assist his good article to make its virtues manifest, however, he has had the ingenious idea of constructing in a tumbledown corner of the old mill an exact replica of a medieval "Mead Hall," complete with cloisters, herb gardens, pigeons, bee garden, buttery, heraldic flags and stained-glass windows. Nothing if not versatile, the colonel made the stained-glass windows himself.

In this persuasive setting, foreign buyers and tourists alike can sit down to meals cooked according to medieval recipes and served with mead.

There is—or soon will be—a type of mead to accompany every course. *Cyser*, a sherry-like apéritif, *sack methaglin*, a herbalized liquor similar to vermouth, *mead*, a dry table wine, *sack mead*, a dessert mead described as not unlike Imperial Tokay. Later there will be sparkling mead and mead liqueurs.

All this, of course, is very much what the American tourist ordered. Already the trail-blazers have been down to Cornwall to drink their mead and eat their lunches cooked according to medieval recipes and, perhaps, even get a glimpse of the Worshipful Company of Meadmakers assembling round its long table.

The Worshipful Company, explains the colonel, is a bona fide and properly restored medieval guild, duly registered with the appropriate authority, in this case the town council. Its members include directors, shareholders and workers duly qualified.

"Our troubles today," says the colonel, "arise from industry having cut itself off from the life of the neighbourhood." To avoid this error, he has devised for the mead industry an annual ceremony to take place on St. Bartholomew's Day—St. Bartholomew being the patron saint of mead-making and honey.

In June this year, the first Cornish-made mead began to flow into the slim long-necked bottles sealed with wax, embossed with the Worshipful Company's *fleur de lis*. (They hadn't any tin foil in the Middle Ages.)

Demand from America has been impressive. When I visited the Mead House, a large order had just been received from Mexico. Other consignments were going to Switzerland, Brazil, Australia.

Meanwhile, in the old silo of the mill, carpenters are hammering away preparing the distillery. The copper pot-still is already in position and, next year mead brandy and mead liqueurs will be added to the Mead Makers' list.

Today, the colonel's faith in the judgment of the past is beginning to pay off. But all is not yet clear ahead. One obvious danger is that, as soon as the mead makers have built up a large and profitable market, imitators will cash in with a cut-price product.

Mapping Vintage Areas

"We shall give them a good run for their money," says the colonel, who studied strategy in the Army. He plans to identify mead as firmly as possible with Cornwall—just as the genuine bordeaux is identified with Bordeaux, cognac comes from Cognac and champagne from the old French province of Champagne.

He will issue maps of the "vintage area" with his bottles of mead. And he is comforted by the thought that there isn't so much room down there in England's toe.

The auguries are good.

Between mid-June and mid-July, when the farmers pray for rain, the beemen are secretly hoping for drought. This year the beemen got their way. Nineteen forty-nine's is a bumper honey harvest.

Already the Mead Hall is absorbing 250,000 pounds of honey a year—a concentrate, adds Colonel Gayre, equivalent to a million pounds of grape juice. Next year, when the distillery starts up, they'll need another hundred tons. In four years time they calculate to be getting through a million pounds of honey a year.

With the bee—the native bee—thus busier than ever and the wine of old England flowing once again from Cornwall to the ends of the world, the colonel snatches a moment from the re-creation of an industry to attend to the re-creation of the customer.

When drinking the drink of the gods, he says, let us have no more shoddy, cheap and vulgar "Cheerios" and "Here's Hows." The proper toast when drinking mead is "Wassail" and the correct reply is "Drink Hail."

Night without stars

by WINSTON GRAHAM

I was back in Nice—back among people who still thought I was blind. It would do no harm for some of them to go on thinking so. Quite the contrary

THERE IS A CERTAIN amount of satisfaction in pretending to be blind — particularly when the people who think you blind have something to hide.

Sitting in a café in Villefranche, near Nice, I was savouring it to the full.

There was the boy Raoul. He pretended not to know me. But I saw his eyes, I saw his silent gestures. The blind Englishman, Giles Gordon, was back. Why? Raoul was frightened. They were all frightened—and with good reason.

A year ago, I'd been here before. A year ago, I'd fallen in love with Alix Delaisse. A year . . . it didn't seem that long since I'd walked into the shoe shop in Nice to be served by her. I'd still been bluffing people then that I was just a little short-sighted. Then I went crashing over a stool, and it was patently obvious to Alix at least that I was blind, blind, blind. Someone to be pitied, someone to be humoured.

It might have started as pity, but it changed to something different in a few weeks. Of course, there was trouble, trouble with her in-laws (she was a widow; her husband, a Resistance leader, had been killed by the Nazis), who owned a café I knew as the Café Gambetta, in Villefranche, and wanted her to marry Pierre Grognard, a wealthy *restaurateur*.

The strain told on Alix in the end. We parted. And then, a few days later, I had an odd, garbled phone call from her to tell me she was in Grognard's flat. I went there. The flat was smashed up, and empty, except for Grognard—murdered.

I went back to Alix's old apartment. She was gone—to get married, the landlady told me. I went to the café in Villefranche. Everyone pretended not to know me. Then I learned that there never had been a café of that name in Villefranche.

And to cap everything, Charles Bénat, a cynical young lawyer to whom I told the story, said the whole thing must be a delusion; he'd seen Grognard, alive and kicking, since the "incident."

I went to pieces. If Alix didn't want me, there was no reason to stay in France. At home, fed up with everything, I underwent the operation I'd been scared to think of before. It was wildly successful. I could see. Unpacking my bag for a holiday, my eye caught a paragraph in an old French paper used to wrap shoes. It was about Grognard. He'd died, it said; in a motoring accident. . . .

Now, back in France again, I meant to see about that. There were a number of things I meant to see about. For the first time in months I began to enjoy myself.

PART VI

I Begin Operations

I WENT to see John Chapel, my consul pal. It was a shock: to have had so much to do with him last year and yet not to have seen him since before the

Mère Roget said: "I don't like it. We have had the stuff a week. Get rid of it, I say"

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

war. All the time I'd pictured him at twenty-one. At thirty-one he was fatter and had lost a lot of hair and his fresh colour had deepened. Having matured at sixteen he'd picked up a middle-aged look before his time. Yet every now and then the forgotten schoolboy stared out.

I handed him the crumpled newspaper cutting about Grognard.

"Yes," he said, after a minute. "I did see it at the time."

"Then why didn't you write—or still better phone, because I was still in Nice when this came out."

He took out his pipe and lit it. "Honestly, old boy, what good would it have done?"

"You might have given me the chance of deciding."

The match flickered about his face. "Well, I reasoned differently. I thought, here's a man who's in trouble. He's blind and he's in a foreign country. He's met a woman and lost her and he feels generally frustrated. He's entangled in something that in any case will bring him no good——"

"Ah, that's nearer the truth. The old legation caution coming out."

"Not entirely. But partly. Why not? Anyway you were just turning your back on the scene. When I saw this paragraph you were due to leave on the following day, tickets bought, seat reserved. If no one else told you, was I going to phone up and stop you, or post it after you to bring you back? In any case, this account of the accident wouldn't have helped you very much."

"Accident?"

"Well, whatever it was."

"Can you tell me another thing. Why was this piece tucked away in small print in a corner of the paper?"

"Better go and ask the editor."

"Well, what else do you know?"

"Grognard was buried in Nice. I went along to the funeral."

"Was Alix there?"

"I don't think so."

"You see, it mentions his widow in the paper."

"Yes. His first wife was there in the usual weeds. The paper may refer to her if it didn't know he'd married again."

"He may not have married again."

"What d'you mean? Bénat told you he had."

"Whose body was it I found three days before the wedding?"

"It could hardly have been his. This was nearly a fortnight later."

"Don't you think the coincidence a bit steep?"

John shrugged his shoulders moodily. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Plenty."

He said: "You're only sticking your neck out, Giles. Of course, I can't advise you now; you've got your sight back—some of it anyway; you're free, white, etc. But it won't be any particular fun if in a week or two I have to tog up for your funeral."

"I'll keep above ground."

"There are quicksands about, old boy. Trouble is, you never know when you're going in deep."

THE Carlotta Restaurant was in the rue Diano Marina, which is a bit out of Nice. It was all John had said and more. There was a flowered terrace with orange umbrellas, and exotic orange and gold nude figures climbing round the doors and windows. Inside, the carpets were pink and white, and concealed orange lighting lit up ivory white walls draped in pink. The waiters were silent and discreet. I went in at a quiet time, but with the summer season not properly begun this was probably unnecessary. I looked at the menu and thought it was lucky I'd chosen a cheap hotel.

When the meal was half through I beckoned the head waiter. He was a middle-aged, dark fellow with the sort of chin that needs shaving at four-hourly intervals.

I said: "I was very much distressed to hear of M. Grognard's death."

"Ah, you knew him, m'sieu? Yes, it was a sad accident."

"How did it happen?"

"He was motoring to Grenoble from Grasse. Something went wrong with the car, or he skidded, we don't know. The roads through the mountains can be very dangerous."

"Was he found at once?"

"Oh, no, m'sieu. It was more than a week. He had gone on his holidays, you see. The hotel at Grenoble was expecting him but took no action when he didn't turn up. It wasn't until he was expected home that inquiries were begun."

"It must have happened at a very inaccessible spot."

"At the head of the Gorge du Cheval. The worst possible place. They were many hours recovering the body."

"Was he alone?"

"Yes. Quite alone."

"Your cuisine here is as good as ever."

"Thank you, m'sieu." He bowed.

"No, I can't come out. . . . I'm in bed with flu"

"We endeavour to maintain a standard."

"Have the restaurants been sold?"

For the first time he hesitated slightly. "No, m'sieu. A limited society has been formed to carry on the restaurants for the benefit of the widow. Can I get you something further?"

I said: "I didn't know M. Grognard was married. Was it shortly before his death?"

"I think they were separated for some years."

"He was friendly with a Mme Delaisse. Do you know what happened to her?"

"No, m'sieu. I don't know anything of M. Grognard's private life."

After that there was nothing to be gained by going to Grasse to examine the register of the Parish Church. Instead I rang up the Villa Lavandou.

"Is M. Bénat in?"

"I don't know, m'sieu. Who is speaking?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "I have forgotten something. I'll ring him later."

It seemed likely that if Bénat was away the answer would not have been just that. I put on my sun glasses and took a bus to Cagnes. There I went to the same garage and was lucky enough to find Maurice, who welcomed me like an old friend.

Maurice made the humbug so much easier. He helped me into the seat beside him, telling me to bend my head and mind the step. He took my walking stick and gave it a reverential place on the back seat. He said did I want a cushion for my back or an extra eyeshade to shield my face from the glare of the sun.

WHILE trying not to seem to, I admired the sweeping green valleys we drove through, the snow on the distant mountains, against the steep sky, the mellow embattled beauty of Vence. The road got narrow and precarious as it climbed along the side of the valley.

"You are going to see M. Bénat again?" Maurice said.

"Yes. You know him, I remember your saying."

"Well, not *know* him, m'sieu. Everyone knows of him. He is admired everywhere for his exploits during the war, quite a legend in these parts. It is said he killed several hundred of the Boche. Many people owe their lives to him."

"And now . . . after all that, he is just a lawyer again."

"Oh, that is only his profession. And even in it he does much for ordinary people—fights for *their* causes, never gives up, carries it right to the top. That is what counts."

We were silent for a while.

"Hallo," I said. "Still repairing the road?"

"Ah. You remember." He smiled through cigarette smoke, and then raised his eyebrows.

"Yes," I said quickly. "At least—I guessed so from the bad surface." Careful, you fool. No one will be taken in.

We bumped along past some men and a lorry. Maurice said: "Here they come for a few days and then go away for a month. So they make very little progress. On the main road it's better."

Just then the villa came in sight, a big, low place with cinnamon-coloured walls. After a few minutes we got among the lavender. It really was a sight; two great fields of it on either side of the road, and the long low house with its broad veranda and white steps.

I said: "I'm not expected, so perhaps you could stop here. If you'll just give me a hand as far as the steps I can manage from there."

He did this, and after a bit I found myself at the door, carefully groping for a bell. There wasn't much attempt at an ordinary garden, just lavender, planted at one time but now mostly growing wild. There were stables over to the left and beyond that what might have been a pillared swimming pool. In the distance two women were working in a field of vegetables.

The door came open and a young black-eyebrowed man looked me over.

I said: "I've called to see M. Bénat."

"By appointment, m'sieu?"

"No, but I think he will see me. Gordon is the name."

"I'll inquire if he's in."

He shut the door, and I heard his footsteps padding away down the tiled hall. I wondered if gradually my hearing, touch and smell would grow less acute. They hadn't shown much sign of it up to now.

It was just as well, otherwise his voice would have given me a shock coming from behind. But I'd heard those footsteps, too.

"Mr. Gordon. An unexpected pleasure. How are you?"

I held out my hand and had it shaken.

"Sorry to come on you like this. I happened to be in the district."

"Of course. This way. I'm working in my office. It's just round the corner."

He was the only person so far who was much like I'd imagined him. Slight build, sallow face, long decisive nose, clever, prominent bottom lip. He wasn't handsome but you could see that women would be interested.

"Down two steps here, now level across the grass, then through the french windows. Good. You're very clever at finding your way about, Mr. Gordon."

I wondered why I'd been asked in this way instead of through the house. It was an ordinary room he showed me into, a big flat desk, filing cabinets, a few books and papers open. Grutli, the dog, rose from behind a chair and looked at me.

I said: "Do you do some of your business up here?"

"I like to be able to."

"You've got a non-paying client this morning."

"Who? You? Oh, well, we're part of the same profession, aren't we? And how is England?" he asked amiably. "Still going bankrupt in an affluent genteel way?"

"No . . . I'd say still keeping solvent in a poverty-stricken, harassed way."

"It always amuses me," he said, "when people talk of England turning Socialist. How can that be when every Englishman is at heart a capitalist? The most that can ever happen is a progressive liberalism of ideas in a community of obstinate conservatives."

"We're tied to Europe."

BÉNAT smiled: "Ah, and Europe is on the point of disintegration, eh? Quite so. Come here, Grutli, your ear is turned back. I don't like untidy dogs. If you can't control your ears, *mon petit*, we must tie them down with ribbon. What brings you back to Nice, Mr. Gordon? Not the decay of Europe."

"No," I said. "If it weren't in bad taste one might say the decay of Pierre Grognard."

At times his face looked dark, as if in shadow. "Oh, yes, of course. Pierre Grognard. Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

He said: "You've heard, of course, that he is dead."

"I told you so last year."

"But you were mistaken then. Because he was very much alive when I saw him in Grasse."

"And also when he was married?"

"I spoke of his intention to get married on the Saturday. He obviously changed his mind. That day he must have left for Grenoble."

"And what of Alix Delaisse?"

"She's still about somewhere." He sighed. "Oh, yes, you were interested in her. I remember now." I said care-

Continued on page 24

FELLOW-TRAVELLERS IN THE MAKING

by DOUGLAS HYDE

Months may elapse before they realize how tightly they are snared in the red web. . . . The *Daily Worker's* ex-news editor concludes his exposure of Communist methods

Mme Tatiana Zueva, Soviet Minister of Cultural Education: she was guest speaker at meeting of London branch, British-Soviet Society

NO STUDY OF THE psychology of the fellow-traveller can ignore the part which pride plays in the development of the man who becomes a tool of the Communists. The party knows from long experience that, when once it has succeeded in getting the average individual compromised by public association with itself, a major step towards making him a fellow-traveller has been taken.

The raised eyebrows or more definite criticisms of old friends or workmates, when they know he is mixing with Communists, will simply have the effect of making him defend his action on the grounds of his "liberalism" or "objectivity." Few, having gone so far, draw back, although there are times when the Communists over-reach themselves.

I remember, for example, when a Liberal M.P., impressed by the Russian advances during the war, began to associate with the party and expressed agreement with certain aspects of its policy, particularly with its production drive which followed the U.S.S.R.'s entry into the war. He supported the demand for the raising of the ban on the *Daily Worker*, too.

He Was "Cultivated"

The paper's editor was given the job of "cultivating" him, which he did with, for a while, great success. He even reached the point where he had him reading and discussing Stalin's book, *Leninism*.

"He's in the net," the editor told me triumphantly. But he was too sure of himself and began to order the M.P. about as though he were already a minor party member and not a potential fellow-traveller.

The result was some harsh words on both sides and the "big fish" had gone. And, once it was clear that he was gone for good, the usual thing happened: the party turned its guns on him instead.

It is easy to trace, and to understand, the evolution of the fellow-traveller. Generally he begins as a consciously "liberal-minded" person who prides himself on his objectivity. He will, he says, avoid all witch-hunts and make himself proof against prejudice. Fundamentally his instincts are good and he is nothing if not well-intentioned.

But it is precisely his good intentions which land him into trouble.

Perhaps the Communists organize a campaign on some social or industrial issue about which he is concerned and about which someone ought to be campaigning anyway—it may be for some elementary right or against some crying social injustice; he tells himself that he, at least, will not be put off by a couple of Communists on the committee.

Meeting people there with whom he has other things in common, he is drawn in to similar organizations. He begins to idealize the Soviet Union and to find excuses for all Soviet weaknesses.

Soon he is being called a fellow-traveller and his response is "So what? I'm not a Communist and I'm doing it with my eyes open."

The day comes when he is asked to join the party. He states his objections, refuses, but is left with a sneaking feeling that if he "had the guts" he would join it nonetheless.

And so, to prove his sincerity to himself and to the Communists, he knowingly associates with them all the more. He becomes their tool.

He may even have a brief period as a secret member and then slip out again, in which case they have a blackmailing hold on him.

The uneasy conscience of the fellow-traveller is the party's best ally—and it knows how to use allies coldly and scientifically.

The *Daily Worker* for years has employed someone to go round the country secretly "tapping" the richer fellow-travellers for funds. And mostly they have responded with quite extravagant generosity to salve that troubled conscience.

At one time, early in the war, a very voluble but convincing journalist was employed for the job. At another time it was an attractive but persuasive woman "comrade." The party similarly employs people to raise money directly for its own funds.

Among those "soaked" are business men, professional people, intellectuals, politicians, ministers of religion, trade unionists and others, some well known and others unknown. Among them, too, are people who at one time or another have been members of the party, but left because they could not stand its pace or because it interfered with a career, and were then charged with "ratting."

To prove that that is not really the case they anxiously give their names to party-sponsored letters to the Press, petitions to Parliament or messages of support to Continental fellow-travellers. And they give with equally self-conscious anxiety when they are asked for funds.

But there are others also who still delude themselves that they have maintained their independence and, indeed, demonstrated it by their association with the party.

The party's net is spread wide and, usually, with skill. It has created and continues to create or capture large numbers of organizations for the purpose of trapping and using sincere but woolly-minded people.

Prefer A Minority

Some of the organizations are only remotely controlled by the Communists. Others are completely dominated by the party. To describe an organization as Communist-controlled is often dangerous as well as difficult, for the degree of control varies considerably from one organization to another.

Moreover, it is not the aim of the Communists in such organizations to have a majority of party members in their ranks. The Communists have proved that under present conditions a majority is usually unnecessary and is, indeed, a waste of personnel—quite apart from the fact that such organizations exist to *develop* fellow-travellers.

A well-directed minority in the leadership of an organization is sufficient to ensure Communist policies in most cases—and does not lay it open to the charge of being a "red" organization.

Into such organizations will wander many who cannot justly be described as fellow-travellers at all. The real fellow-traveller, the man who has got himself enmeshed, who has become the tool of the Communists, will usually be found to be working in several organizations and has therefore reached a point when he comprehends their character, knows that their policies are basically Communist, and carries on nonetheless.

Dangerous Company

You will find him, perhaps, in the National Council for Civil Liberties—which is used, although not controlled, by Communists.

He may be, also, in the British-Soviet Society or one or more of the other organizations which exist to foster "friendship" with Iron Curtain countries, in which the Communist influence is dominant.

If he is a trade union leader, he may be associated with the Labour Research Department which, though party-led, has managed over the years to retain the support and affiliated membership of many trade union bodies.

Or he may be an active member of the People's Press Printing Society, the organization which publishes the *Daily Worker* and which, despite its obvious party character, still nets and

uses many fellow-travellers year by year.

If he is an anti-imperialist or is interested in colonial problems, there are the appropriate organizations for him, which are a fruitful means of making sympathizers among the coloured workers and students in Britain who in due course take their sympathies back home with them, thus becoming active apostles of Communism.

The International Women's Day Committee is one which has used and created many fellow-travellers over the years. Associated with it, as with so many others, are some whose political associations are beyond reproach and who cannot possibly be described as Communists or fellow-travellers.

But from the party's point of view the organization is its own. Its policies are always in accord with party policy, its international connections are with other bodies whose direction comes from Moscow.

There are similar bodies, with international connections, for both youth and students. The organizations created by the Communists or used by them in this way run into scores in Britain alone. New campaigns are constantly being launched to rope in still more.

The current "peace" campaign is a good example. Its origins were openly Communist. Then a peace conference was organized by the *Daily Worker* to which many non-Communists came, including pacifists and genuine democratic anti-war elements.

How It Spread

From there it was spread out to the provinces where conferences are sponsored, in many cases, by local trades councils.

But nationally and locally you will find among the names of their sponsors many who similarly "sponsored" the People's Convention nine years ago, who over and over again have backed campaigns initiated by the party.

Watch the names on the "round robin" letters published in the Press, the lists of sponsors of petitions, cables and messages of an extreme Left Wing character and you will find among them those of the same artists, musicians, university professors and other intellectuals appearing time after time. They are the fellow-travellers at work.

For the fellow-traveller there are two points worth pondering.

One is that the Communists internationally have made the use of "allies" into a science. It was best put some years ago when the British party started using people whom it had previously attacked.

Some party members doubted the wisdom of the new line. They were persuaded at last by Political Bureau member Tommy Bell, who declared: "Comrades, we must take them by the hand in order to take them by the throat." The fellow-traveller is used for just as long as it suits the party to use him.

The other point worth remembering is that there are fellow-travellers in every country on earth but one. And that is the Soviet Union. They shoot them there.

BEHIND THE LEGEND OF NOEL COWARD

Continued from page 8

Tempest, which ran for over a year and did excellent business, *Easy Virtue*, *The Queen Was in the Parlour*, and his first serious play, *The Rat Trap*. Practically all of these were repeated in New York and received with hysterical applause.

He had by now met the four persons who were to become his life-long friends. There was Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, a décor artist, who was to design the sets for nearly all his productions.

"We met in Italy," she recalls. "I noticed a young man in the Casino looking terrible, quite green. He was English and said he had a pain in his stomach, and I took him in hand. That's how it all started."

Also "Lorn"—Mrs. Lorraine, his secretary, and a friend since she and Coward were teen-agers together; Jack Wilson, a young American stockbroker, who decided he had a better future as Coward's business manager; and of course Lord Amherst.

The Ebury Street boarding house, long the mainstay of the Coward ménage, father, mother, brother Eric, Aunt Vida and Noel, had been closed, and the family had been installed at Goldenhurst, the newly-acquired country seat near Folkestone.

Coward now began the life which has characterized him and his reputation ever since—in the social stratosphere of London, Paris and New York, intimate of the very best people; writing, composing, producing, acting; then striking out into the blue and being heard of again in places like Honolulu or the Bahamas.

He was then among the ten most eligible bachelors alive. He is still a bachelor with no intention of being otherwise.

He was the phenomenon of the twenties. No social historian can afford to ignore him when writing about that period.

Uninhibited Years

The plays have long since been dismissed as superficial baubles, facile but slick, as audacious and ephemeral as the personality of the new prodigy. But they reflected the age that had speedily thrown off its inhibitions. When it was suddenly fashionable to condone moral and emotional eccentricity, then one of Coward's popular themes was doubtless adultery.

The theme is continued right up to *Private Lives*, Coward's last and most popular of his Plays Unedifying, conceived and written while travelling with Jeffrey Holmesdale in Japan and China. After *Private Lives* there is a new mood, for Coward, always the barometer of the taste of his time, is sensing the change. But two events helped to create the new mood, the new Coward.

One occurred on the first night of *Sirocco* in 1927. A little previously *This Was A Man* petered out in New York, and *Home Chat* had been equally unsuccessful in London, but the fate of these two plays was mild compared with that of *Sirocco*.

The two principal parts were played by Ivor Novello and Frances Doble, and the storm broke during an intense love scene, with the gallery punctuating the kisses with sucking noises and the love talk with raspberries. Scarcely a line was heard of the third act, while the gallery hooted and yelled and the dress circle whispered and shushed.

When the final curtain came down, the theatre was in an uproar, and as it went up again Coward walked along the frightened line of players, to the centre of the stage, where he kissed Frances Doble's hand and presented his posterior to the audience.

The hooting, booing and hissing were immediately redoubled, and when Coward left the theatre that night a hostile crowd was waiting for him at the stage door. He had to force his way through his vilifiers to his car. Several spat on him as he passed, and the next day he had to send his evening coat to the cleaners.

Next event in his development was *Bitter Sweet*. His revue, *This Year Of Grace* had shot Coward back into favour again both in London and in New York where the success was repeated with himself and Beatrice Lillie in the starring rôles.

The twenties were nearing the thirties, with Coward's generation as old as the century and mellowing gently. There had been little or no sentiment on the London musical stage for a long while, and Coward set out deliberately to wring hearts.

It was said that he wrote *Cavalcade* with his tongue in his cheek. Here again were the sentiment, the exquisite touches of sadness, and the melodies borrowed from the British tradition that tugged the memory back across the years, with a lot of flag flying thrown in to stir the heart. The spectacle seemed perfectly timed to cash in on the hysteria of an imminent General Election, but friends say Coward's patriotism is sincere.

His Greatest Hit

If *Sirocco* had been one of the greatest flops ever to sag off the London stage, *Cavalcade* can be counted among the greatest hits. The cast exceeded 400 supers. There were 3,700 costumes and twenty-three complicated scene changes, with cheering troopships sailing away and locomotives arriving in billows of steam. The first night was nearly wrecked. A stage lift stuck and C. B. Cochran all but walked on the stage to ask the audience to go home.

But the situation was saved and *Cavalcade* broke records. People queued three days and three nights for gallery seats.

The night the King and Queen came the audience stood up and sang "God Save The King" with the company, and the cheering rose and filled the theatre, on and on, swelling in waves, until Coward was so overcome with emotion that he wept.

In his curtain speech he had said it was still a pretty exciting thing to be English, and, curiously, he was finding that this was so. Coward the cynic had discovered that he had a heart.

He had flogged the bright young things, as he wrote later. Now they felt no more than damp squibs. He had moved up a form, to people like Jane Marryot in *Cavalcade*—ordinary, kind, unobtrusively brave, capable of deep suffering and incapable of cheap complaint.

But the bright young things had grossed him £1,250,000.

NEXT ARTICLE:
Coward, The Gay Historian

NOW YOU KNOW

NEIGHBOURS' DOGS — especially if they're the sort that make a barking charge to the fence every time there's a sign of activity on your side of it—present a problem. If the dog seems fierce and you've children playing in the garden, there's the fear that one day the animal may leap over and attack them.

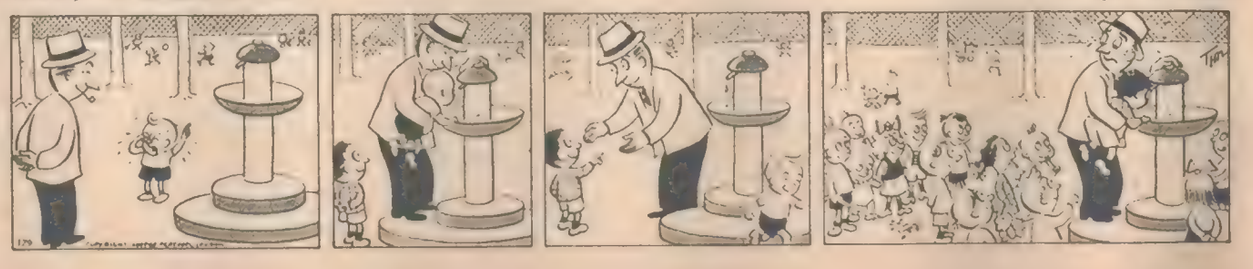
Well, beyond tactful overtures to your neighbour, there's not much you can do about it. While your neighbour keeps his dog in his own garden and it doesn't actually injure anyone, you can't take any legal action.

Only if the dog "trespasses" and attacks you or your children can you ask the police to intervene. The owner would then be ordered to keep the dog under proper control.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT: The case of the dog next door is typical of the many personal problems on which readers ask the help of John Bull's team of experts. Enquiries should be sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped addressed envelope for reply, please.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



Exposing blackmail, tracing missing jewels, collecting evidence for a divorce are just a few of the assignments in the . . .

Private Detective's Casebook

by WILLIAM J. GAGE

JACK BALLARD IS A TALL, fast-talking man with thin, grey hair and dancing grey eyes whose job is minding other people's business. Now one of Britain's most successful private detectives, for twenty-four years he served on Birmingham's C.I.D.

Not long ago he booked a suite for a woman client at a leading local hotel, but with the manager's permission, he visited the rooms on the eve of her arrival and installed a microphone.

Thus prepared, he met his client, a married woman in her early forties, at New Street Station, and drove her to the hotel. The ride was not a pleasant one, for she was to meet in her suite the blackmailer who knew she had spent a night with a boxer while her husband had been in France on Government work.

Ballard left her at the door of her suite and shortly afterwards the blackmailer arrived. The woman let him in and Ballard, through earphones, listened to their conversation.

"Give me £2,000," the blackmailer demanded, after outlining all that he knew, "and nobody will ever hear of your indiscretion."

Moment He'd Waited For

This was the moment for which Ballard had waited. Bursting in, he said: "I've taken a complete record of all you have said. I'm going to detain you here until officers of the criminal investigation department arrive."

Ballard did. The woman would not prosecute, but is happily reunited with her husband.

Jack Ballard's is one of more than 300 bona fide private detective agencies in Britain and eighty per cent of their work is, as in the above instance, concerned with matrimonial matters. Usually, however, the aim is to facilitate rather than prevent divorce.

There are still many disreputable agencies in the country, which cheat both their clients and the law, but the well-conducted firms, as the Lord Chief Justice emphasized not long ago, do essential and urgent work in proving grounds and obtaining evidence for divorce where divorce is just and desirable. Private detectives follow suspects, sometimes for months, to provide the extra bit of evidence essential for a successful verdict.

Ballard's inquiries, however, cover a wide range and call for all kinds of tactics and subterfuges.

One of his assistants recently mingled as an ordinary shopper in a large multiple store, seeking evidence against a woman who was a confirmed shoplifter. Under her frock she carried a specially constructed basket into which she dropped any article that took her fancy as she walked through the store.

Ballard's man followed her into the street, called the first police officer, accompanied both to the nearest police station and charged her with theft. There the unfortunate woman phoned her husband. He in turn called in a specialist who examined the woman and diagnosed her case as that of a split mind. She was bound over.

Freelance detective Jack Ballard (right) checks a case record with assistant George Finch. Both are ex-C.I.D.

Recently a firm of jewellery manufacturers sent for Ballard. They told him they were constantly losing valuables from their stock.

"It sounds," Ballard said, "like an inside job."

"That's up to you to find out," he was told. "The assessors are getting fidgety about settling our insurance claims. We must act quickly."

Planted Man In Factory

Ballard instructed one of his men to take a short course in stone polishing and then planted him in the factory as a craftsman. For three weeks the assistant polished stones and kept his eyes open, each evening submitting a report to Ballard.

On the basis of these, the detective and other assistants shadowed several small-time dealers and private jewellery salesmen who worked in clubs and market places. In the end they caught not only the thief they were after but also the receiver, who was paying men in a dozen other firms to take property from their employers.

Assignments come often from business houses. A few weeks ago, one firm consulted Ballard because some of their best metal product specialities were being copied and sold in different parts of the country by someone who had obviously seen their designs and discovered their manufacturing secrets.

Ballard first obtained a list of the firms who were selling the duplicate goods. He then interviewed them and discovered their sources of supply. Next he followed the salesmen and, from them, traced the firm by whom they were employed, a factory many miles away.

The last step was to interview the elderly man in charge of the factory, who, it developed, was an uncle of one of the executives in his client's firm. This senior employee, not content with a good salary from his own firm, was also getting a large rake-off from his uncle's business.

Ballard's Birmingham office, a large, well-furnished room in Livery Street, is crammed with files containing records of past cases, criminal histories to which he may from time to time refer, and correspondence. His two chief assistants are George Finch, formerly a detective sergeant in the Dudley police force, and Leslie Roberts, an ex-solicitor's clerk, but Ballard may also call on ex-C.I.D. men in all parts of the country for aid.

Fees depend largely on the nature of the individual case, but ordinary jobs, such as collecting divorce evidence, call for payment of about three guineas a day plus expenses.

Ballard, who believes in moderation, feels that he and his fellow private detectives should be careful never to charge more than a job warrants. About a year ago he was elected secretary to the Federation of British Detectives, a body recently set up to maintain a set of minimum standards for private detectives.

Bogus Insurance Claim

An expert at figures, Ballard in his C.I.D. days brought more defaulting solicitors to book than any other officer in the country. Recently he has had to deal with a batch of bogus insurance claims.

One claim concerned the theft of valuable furs from a trade display. Obtaining a statement from the last man to see the furs, Ballard gradually built up his case and traced the goods to a furrier on the south coast, where they were on display for sale.

"This," says Jack, "was one of my dullest jobs. It meant hanging about for hours, just watching and waiting."

In spite of this, Ballard stuck to it —and uncovered the one clue needed to bring final satisfaction both to himself and his client.

SQUASH CHAMPION IS ALWAYS AT IT

by WARREN HARRIS

He plays 100 times a month, but an occasional half-hour of the whirlwind game is enough for most people

ALBERT ERNEST BIDDLE stands exactly five feet eleven inches in his socks, weighs around 146 lb., smokes unrestrictedly, enjoys a glass of beer, and is forty-one years old this year. He is thus, from a purist's viewpoint, too tall, too heavy, too old, as well as being insufficiently trained, to hold the title which he gained last season and which he intends to defend on December 5 this year—the Professional Squash Racquets Championship of the British Isles.

In his daily round as professional at a famous London club, Biddle plays squash nearly a hundred times a month. But nobody knows better than he that five friendly games, lasting half an hour, which is what most people understand by squash, are a vastly different proposition from the whirlwind kill-or-be-killed tactics of the game at championship level.

Albert made that painful discovery as long ago as 1937, when he was first matched against the mercurial Jimmie Dear in the finals of the championship. Jimmie Dear, at that time, was reckoned to be pretty nearly unbeatable, so that when Albert won the third game of the match, 9-0, his confidence began to grow apace.

Changed Shoes

Dear's trouble, however, lay not in Albert's formidable opposition, but in his shoes; too new and too tight, he felt that they were hampering both the speed and the certainty of his returns. Accordingly, after the third game, he went away and changed them—returning to treat Albert to a display of fireworks which the loser remembers with awe even to this day.

At the age of seventeen, when he first went to earn his living as a racquet-stringer for Frank Erwood, who ran the Garrison Racquets Courts at Woolwich, Albert had never heard of squash and never seen it played—but he proceeded to dog the players in every moment of his spare time and later tried to emulate the flashier shots when he thought himself alone and unobserved.

It would be pleasant to record that at this stage Frank Erwood immediately recognized young Albert's great potentialities and forthwith prophesied that he would go far. What actually happened was that Erwood, after watching him for some moments in silence on one dispiriting occasion, remarked: "You'll never be any earthly use at either squash or racquets, so I don't know why you waste your time."

For all that, Albert became assistant pro at a West End club.

Nobody, least of all the pro in charge of the courts, appears to have been particularly worried by the fact that even the biggest duffers under instruction always found young Albert—their "tutor"—easy meat. Albert, for his part, was quite unperturbed, too.

He was concentrating on the other players' mistakes just as much as on his own, mentally weighing up all their shots and deciding just where it was that they went wrong.

Champion Albert Biddle in action: the game is nothing like tennis

Too many of the novices under instruction, he observed, came on to the court with tennis strokes and tennis ideas—forgetting that in the comparatively congested (32 ft. by 21 ft.) area of a squash court, the flexible wrist and the short, powerful drive count more than full-blooded shots from the shoulder.

Side-wall Shots

Too few of them, also, seemed to have grasped the basic principle of good squash—to keep your opponent at the back of the court, frustrating him with a series of side-wall, angle and drop shots which he has no hope of retrieving.

Albert became so used to giving the game his all that even his wartime R.A.F. duties as a flight-lieutenant in charge of P.T., failed to damp his ardour. Posted to Aden, where the daytime temperature was normally in the hundreds, he still went on playing squash—although the daily game lasted precisely five minutes.

He has certain basic tenets of play which he never varies from game to game. The service, for instance, whether forehand or backhand, "isn't just a stroke that starts off the game. It should be as high as possible and aimed towards the side wall, dying away into a corner so that the opponent has difficulty in volleying."

Another favourite shot, when his opponent is moving down towards the front of the court, is the lob, which can be effective in more ways than one. There was one otherwise indifferent player that Biddle knew who reached the semi-finals of the amateur championship several years in succession, purely on his lobbing.

Ninety per cent of all his strokes were lobs, which so infuriated his opponents that few of them were ever able to play their best game.

Trying to play on an opponent's weaknesses is a good stratagem, but one that will sometimes recoil. On one occasion, for example, Albert, giving advice to a protégé just prior to a match, told him: "Play on the other chap's backhand—it's his weakest point."

Arriving in the gallery some time later, he was mystified to see his pupil playing every shot on his opponent's forehand, handing him point after point. Only when the match was over did the pupil realize what Biddle had forgotten to tell him—that his opponent had been left-handed.

Strangely enough, another problem, until quite recently was the ball itself. Squash balls now weigh a maximum 380 grains (Troy weight) and measure no more than $1\frac{10}{16}$ in., but in the earlier days of the game, when they were non-standard, the heat of play, which always makes a ball travel faster in any case, made them perform some extraordinary antics.

On one occasion, a ball which hit the front wall an inch above the cut-line remained there, glued to the plaster. Another ball suddenly developed "googly" propensities, and vanished altogether. Eventually they discovered that it had hopped into a player's pocket.

Like Skating Rink

Even the floor of the court, when not of the standard maple construction, can give rise to distressing complications. Albert once played a match on a marble floor, and the first three games, although hard and fast, went uneventfully.

After that the game began to slow down to the speed of a film in slow-motion. Both players were sweating so profusely that the floor of the court resembled a skating rink and neither of them dared to run for fear they took a header.

Since the end of the war, the efforts of the Squash Racquets Association to step up the game's popularity have not been in vain. The main snag, of course, is the shortage of spectator accommodation — few galleries seat more than 110—but Henry E. Hayman, secretary of the S.R.A., which comes of age this year, predicts a keener fan-following for the season's fifty fixtures than has ever been known.

This is unlikely to mean any increased financial gain so far as Albert and his fellow pros are concerned; a front-row seat at a squash championship, before the war, cost anything up to £2 10s., but few clubs these days can risk charging more than £1 for the front row, 10s. for the remaining seats.

Three Essentials

Pros for the most part must rely on their salaries (anything between £5 and £12 weekly), plus general perquisites such as sales of balls and racquets. Their cut from the "gate" (two-thirds winner, one-third loser) after the club management and the Inland Revenue have received their due, is negligible.

Albert is comparatively undisturbed by these trends; he considers himself fortunate to be able to play squash for a living at all, and even his daily coaching routine, which normally lasts from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., only serves, he says, to further inculcate those qualities so essential in first-class squash—coolness, determination and patience.

This England . . .

St. Ewe, Cornwall

WHEN next you take your ways about the hills and fields, reflect that it is the labour of man that has given them their final beauty. No traveller two centuries ago could laud the lovely countryside; too many were the marshlands and the wastes, too frequent the unkempt, forbidding woods that harboured lawlessness. And do you know aught of survey work or drainage, of medicine or mechanics? These must a farmer understand as well as his soils, his beasts and his seeds if he is to serve the land well. Bear then with his complaints, and turn a courteous ear if only in gratitude for the pleasure his unceasing work has given — from the occasional "home-killed" or "home-cured" that is such a joyous landmark to the golden barley for the Bass or Worthington with which you honour such delights.

ISSUED BY BASS AND WORTHINGTON, BURTON-UPON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Martell makes friends

MARTELL Cognac

THE BRANDY FOR EVERY HOME

THREE STAR CORDON BLEU

You'll be round in fewer strokes with Shavallo. The rich creamy lather helps the razor to slip smoothly through the 'rough.'

SHAVALLO Shaving Cream

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT, LTD. S.V.179-1014

NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from page 18

fully: "I haven't been able to trace her."

"Perhaps she has married someone else."

"D'you happen to know which hotel in Grasse Grognard stayed at from the Wednesday to the Saturday before his death?"

"How should I?"

"No. I only wondered if you could help me. I can find out."

"Surely the subject's a little out of date."

"It's just getting interesting to me."

He inhaled and swallowed some smoke, sat very still watching me. I listened for that faint tick-tick in his breathing.

I SAID: "I shall spend a few days making inquiries in Grasse—then go on to Grenoble. There must have been an inquest, and Alix Delaisse would most likely have been called."

"You feel under some obligation to Grognard's memory?"

"No. . . . But nobody likes to be fooled. Those were your own words. And I want to find Alix and know the truth."

"I hope you're successful." He got up. "It's time for an apéritif. Even Pierre wouldn't object to our having that, I'm sure. He won't be any colder in ten minutes."

He rang for drinks and we talked casually while they were brought. I heard a car coming up the valley.

Bénat was talking politics. He said: "The difficulty, of course, is that the demagogue is seldom adult enough to keep his balance. He lays down his own principles, his own laws, and then doesn't keep them. That's why they don't last." He had heard the car. "Naturally, I'm talking in general terms now. Another drink?"

I accepted, and watched him pour it out. He began to talk about the Occupation. That didn't prevent my hearing the car stop outside, the slam of the door, quick footsteps on the steps. Grutli began to get restive and his tail whacked the floor, but Bénat, instead of saying anything, just put a restraining hand on the dog's head.

I got a queer premonitory twinge in my stomach.

Bénat said: "How is John Chapel? Haven't seen him for six months or more and then it was for only a word in the street. I often wonder what whim of fate——"

And then the door came open and Alix stood there.

I knew her at once, of course.

When she saw me she went dead white as if she was going to collapse. What colour I was I don't know, but just for the important seconds Bénat was looking towards the door; one hand on Grutli's head, he had the other to his lips. She looked from me to him, and he made a quick expressive jerk with his head.

"I'm sorry, Sarah," he said. "I haven't finished the papers. I'll see you in five minutes."

Just for a moment I thought she was going to burst out but she didn't. I took a grip of myself and looked away. It was just in time, because Bénat looked at me.

"These are Venetian wine glasses," he said. "You can probably feel the delicate cut of the stem. I found them in a hotel that had been commandeered for Italian officers. Pretty things."

"Pretty things," I said.

The door closed behind her.

I said: "Do I know that person who's just gone out?"

"Sarah? I shouldn't think so. My secretary."

There was a brief silence. We were both trying to think of something to say.

I finished my drink. "Touching on Grognard, does anyone know why he was motoring to Grenoble?"

"I certainly do not. But then. . . . Will you excuse me a minute? I think my secretary wanted to see me."

"Of course."

He got up and went out. The Great Dane rose and ambled after him, just getting his nose in the door as it swung to and levering it open again.

As soon as I was alone I got up, listening. Bénat's footsteps went down the passage. I heard him call something.

Hands were uncertain with the shock of seeing her, and head in a whirl, but this opportunity had to be taken, and at once.

Round the desk. There was a good spread of papers on it; some letters, a few invoices. Glance over them. Restricted sight made this more dangerous, and I was careful to keep the unshuttered side towards the door. The quiet-walking manservant could be a danger. Grutli had left the door open, but there was nothing to do about it.

Letter from a client in Avignon about a will. . . . Marriage settlement on one Ambrosine Coste, post office worker at Cannes. . . . Judgment given before M. le Procurer-Général in Paris. . . . Consignments of lavender invoiced. Coals to Newcastle? Estimate for repairs to windows. . . . Consignment of miscellaneous goods for M. Godeau of Roquebrune. Was Bénat a dealer?

Someone was moving about not far away.

A diary? Small black book was shut. No. A list of engagements. Very laconic. "June 18: D.G., Sospel. . . . 22: Marcel C. rue St. Martin. . . . 23: Dine at 9 with W.W." (The dog was coming back.) "24: Café Gambetta."

I moved round the desk and slid into my seat. The door swung wide and Grutli came in. A dozen paces behind was Bénat.

He stopped inside the door and lit a cigarette from the stub of the old.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gordon, I'll have to ask you to excuse me. My secretary has brought me some business that will have to be looked into at once."

"Of course." I got up. .

His face appeared again out of the smoke. "We haven't got far with your Grognard business, have we? I suggest that we have a meal together one evening

THIS WEEK'S COVER

XENIA BARCLAY, who painted this backstage scene, spends most of her spare time in and around London's theatres, absorbing the atmosphere for her pictures of stage life. To design backcloths for the ballet is her ambition, but she doubts whether she will ever have enough time from other work to try her hand. Miss Barclay comes from Devon and tilled the fields there for three years as a Land Girl during the war. In off-duty moments, she began to paint landscapes and held a successful exhibition when the war ended. She is married but says she prefers playing with cats to doing housework.

next week. We can discuss it further then, eh?"

"Thank you."

"Good. I'll get Mathieu to help you to your car."

As I left the room the Great Dane came across and sniffed at my trouser leg.

"Queer," said Bénat. "I don't think Grutli likes you."

ALTHOUGH I kept telling myself that at least she was alive and well, by the next day I felt rather sick about everything. Up to now there'd been the hope that she had somehow been prevented from seeing me or writing. Deep down—at least since reading of Pierre's death—there may have been a vague melodramatic expectation that she was locked away somewhere. At least it wasn't quite as third-form as that, but, having known her well enough to fall in love with her, one went on trying to find some explanation which would leave the shreds of self-respect.

Well, there had been no suggestion of coercion this morning. I'd seen her car on the way out, a new high-powered Studebaker. Beautifully dressed—in a cream linen frock with a tight bodice and yards of stuff in the skirt, crimson sandals and a crimson brooch—she'd looked perfectly confident and at home in the second before she saw me. Then her face had fallen, she'd gone pale, and turned and crept out. A real lover's welcome.

Only one good thing came out of the confusion—the words Café Gambetta written in his book. The twenty-fourth would be next Monday.

Sunday was spent with the Wintertons. As soon as they knew I was back in France they had phoned and made a date. I was glad now of somewhere to pass the time and some company to take my mind off things.

Claire met me in one of her usual flowing robes, kissed me like a favourite brother, and told me that as the American battleship was in they'd invited half a dozen of the senior officers to lunch.

She hardly said this before the American Navy arrived behind me, and in a minute or two I was shaking hands with Vice-Admiral Carrol and Captain Grabo and half a dozen younger men. The room was in a babel of talk and it went on all through lunch. Walter was in his element and the seal was set on the afternoon when Vice-Admiral Carrol worked it out that one of his ancestors must have been executed by order of Walter's ancestor, the Governor of Boston. After lunch Claire had had the bright idea of asking about a dozen of the best-looking girls in the neighbourhood to join us in a bathing party. This was a terrific success, and we spent the afternoon on the pebbly but pretty beach, lying under sunshades or swimming; and some of them put on goggles and breathing tubes and tried to spear mullet. I had my first swim for five years.

Tea and drinks were brought down from the house, and we sat on inflated rubber cushions and watched the sun move towards the thousand-foot cliff behind the shadows of the beach wall and creep across the stones. At seven the young officers left, and I got up to go, but Claire waved her plump fingers disdainfully.

"Of course not, dear Giles. You have no duty to bother about. It's so nice to see you again after all this time. Sit down and have a drink, dear boy; I have a dinner party all planned for-nine."

It isn't hard to give way when you're enjoying yourself, and I took a seat on the veranda. I lit a cigarette. I thought, no human being's ever satisfied for long; I've been restless since Friday; but put this on record: satisfaction here and now. Just in seeing the smoke curl up and high cloudless sky going remote with evening,

"Which is the gentleman with the sleepless baby?"

and the bougainvillaea climbing over the veranda wall. Just to be able to see. To hell with Alix.

I remembered saying that once before.

About eight we went in and got tidied up. I caught a glimpse of a dining-table set for fifteen. About half-past eight the guests started arriving.

The first two were French, a M. and Mme Lemaître. I'd heard his name in Nice and knew he was on the Conseil Général and had a hand in a good deal of local administration. A close-cropped man of fifty-odd with a serious unhumorous look, and wearing the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. His wife was a tiny little nonentity, round and soft and wrapped in wool. On their heels were Sir Robert and Lady Funchal, whom Claire had run to earth somewhere in Monte Carlo. Sir Robert had just retired from the Diplomatic Service and was thin and grey with a lot of delicate veins at his temples and the sides of his nose. Lady Funchal was nearly as tall as he was and looked like a neglected monument; all the ruins of great beauty were there.

A gap then, and we were all getting going among ourselves and drinking champagne cocktails when another man drifted in. He was about forty-five, tall, wary and sharp-faced, with thin nostrils. He talked like a Parisian and his name was Deffand. Behind him but not with him was a French actress called Maggie Sorques. "In Nice all through the war, dear Giles," Claire cooed in my ear, "and collaborated with practically *everyone*." A fat little author called Henri Cassis came just before nine, and then a French naval officer, a Captain Vigre, who was a prominent Gaullist. The last guests to arrive were Charles Bénat and Alix.

THIS was the second time in three days I'd had that sort of a shock. It begins in the middle and works its way out, to the shoulders, the elbows, the knees, and the joints of the fingers. Then it's gone and everything's moving again.

Alix was wearing a frock of heavy white crêpe cut Grecian style with a gold ornament, and the rest of the company suddenly looked drab. Claire took them round.

Both Bénat and Alix had seen me and Alix had changed colour under her make-up; but there was no backing out of the door this time. When they got to me Bénat said:

"Mr. Gordon, of course, we've had the pleasure of meeting before."

After a minute I was holding Alix's hand for the first time for thirteen months.

"Mme Delaisse?" I said. "Yes, indeed."

I watched them pass on. I'd just changed into ordinary untinted glasses but didn't yet think they realized I could see. Anyway it didn't much matter now. I made no move towards them and we all chatted amiably until half past nine, when dinner was served.

I got Mme Lemaître on one side of me, which wasn't much fun, and Deffand, the Parisian, on the other, there being not enough women to go round. Alix was put right opposite me, between Captain Grabo and Sir Robert Funchal. I stared at her and stared at her.

Half-way through the meal talk at the head of the table came round to the increase of violence everywhere. Henri Cassis, the little author, said in a voice just loud enough to carry up the table:

"Is it true there were two people murdered in Nice last night?"

A quiet voice will sometimes shut conversation down, and this did. Most of us looked at Lemaître, who seemed to be directly in the line of fire.

Lemaître said after a minute: "In the Old Town. An affair of knives, I understand."

"What was the cause of it?"

Lemaître shrugged his shoulders.

He said: "People have no faith these days, no courage. The symptoms of lawlessness are too widespread to be the problem of one department. The cause is not racial but moral."

"You mean the Communists?"

"Ah, Yes, the Communists," said Captain Vigre, sitting up.

Lemaître chewed for a bit. "Of course, inevitably in their own way. But I was not thinking so much of political unrest. There are other factors."

Walter said: "Well, what's at the bottom of it all?"

Lemaître shrugged again. "I'm sure it's not a subject to thrash out at your dinner party."

Charles Bénat sighed: "We talk of courage. But perhaps M. Lemaître hasn't quite the moral courage to call a spade a spade."

It was the first time he had joined in any general discussion. Lemaître said stiffly: "That is as M. Bénat is pleased to think."

The conversation was a bit ragged and, except for the spark between Bénat and Lemaître, didn't seem to be getting anywhere. Lady Funchal had a way of flattening things out. Next to me the Parisian, Deffand, breathed hard through his long, thin nose.

"I have no objection to speaking plainly," said Lemaître suddenly, as if he had made up his mind about something. "The cause is moral—or social if you will. But much I lay at the door of the young men of M. Cassis's profession——"

"At mine, m'sieu?"

"Well . . . the young writers, the intellectuals, the students, the men who think for their generation, who set the example—men often prominent in the best sense during the war. They were the leaders then, fighting the invader, risking death and torture. Those who died were rightly honoured as heroes. But some of those who lived—where are they now? Many are betraying their country as eagerly as they defended it!"

Alix said unexpectedly: "That's one side of the picture, M. Lemaître."

"And what is the other side, please, madam?"

She glanced at Bénat with her clear, cool eyes. "Being a woman, I don't know it all. But one can see a little and try to understand. When a soldier comes back home from a war he has to change all his habits—just overnight. Yesterday he was a hero to kill other men. Today he would be a criminal. That is hard for a time, but there are many other changes to bring his mind back to peaceful ways. So often he comes back and there is no trouble."

SHE paused. "The man who has been in a resistance is different. He doesn't come back; he stays just in the same place, and life goes on in the same way around him. His nerves have been at a greater stretch than the soldier, because for him there are no rest times, no leaves—and often for weeks he has worked alone, out of touch with his friends, not knowing if they are dead or have betrayed him. Well, he is in civil life already, so he cannot come back to it—but all the laws of his land which it has been good to break are now suddenly no longer good to break. Everything is upside down. It isn't killing; it is the little things. Yesterday it was clever to travel without a ticket, to hoard food, to tear up the tramlines, to print false notes, to lie, to cheat, to steal. Today it is wrong. And not only have all the good laws come back but all the bad ones and the petty ones as well. Instead of a new world he finds the old one with all its shabbiness, its frustrations, its betrayals. . . ." She stopped and looked again rather appealingly at Bénat. "I cannot finish. You go on, Charles."

Captain Vigre said: "Yes, Bénat is still a name to conjure with. Twice captured, seven identity cards, decorated by De Gaulle. Let us hear you speak for your contemporaries, Monsieur."

Bénat moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"This isn't the time for speeches. I shouldn't want to be thought of as the fuehrer of the dinner table."

There was a laugh.

"No," said Walter in his gentle drawl. "We'd like to hear what you feel. If you go on too long we can always cry quits."

"I shall not go on too long because I

Continued on page 27

Gay Cottons

make such gay SUMMER WEAR!

Cottons are right in the picture this summer! And they come in such pretty patterns, such bright shades, too—all *so* dashing!

But remember, gay cottons need careful washing to *keep* them gay. So use Rinso for them always. It treats every washable fabric with such gentle care . . . prolongs the life of your pretty things!

RINSO

suds are so **THOROUGH**

yet so safe, too!

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LIMITED

R 217-76

ALL DONE BY HEATWAVES

Take a look at lots of plastic articles in everyday use — that swimsuit, a bathing cap, an air cushion, even Dad's braces. The seams are probably made by a Radio Frequency Heating Machine. This machine sends a high frequency alternating electric current through the two overlapping pieces of plastic, heating them *internally* so that they melt and join together. It's quick, safe, and costs less.

Who makes these Radio Frequency Machines?

murphy

of course!

CRC 9H

NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from page 25

have nothing to go on about," said Bénat. "What is M. Lemaître complaining of? He talks of betrayal but that's a big word. He casts up the shadow of a lion, but I think it's only a mouse."

"I'm complaining," said Lemaître, "of just what Madam Delaisse has spoken of. The men who are anti-social for shoddy, personal ends. They became outlaws under Darnand and Pétain. They remain outlaws under the Fourth Republic. The highly organized black market, the immense illegal currency deals, the smuggling of gold, the manufacture of absinthe, the violence and intimidation where it occurs — these are all the work of educated and intelligent men. One can tell by a sort of conceptional stamp. Such men would be of untold value in any legitimate sphere."

"Well said," muttered Deffand.

"As it is, they are striking at the heart and stability of the country. And some of them, as I say, men with the most *admirable* of war records. They risked everything for France—now they are lining their pockets and living in luxury without caring what the cost will be."

Another course was served. But there was no chance of the talk being diverted. Everyone was waiting for Bénat.

He dabbed his mouth with his table napkin. Alix was looking a bit upset, and one could tell the argument touched her closely. I didn't like the way she looked at Bénat.

Bénat said: "I haven't been briefed for the defence of my generation, so I can follow no instructions. Anyway, I'm entirely an individualist and couldn't pretend to speak for them."

He looked at Admiral Carrol with narrowed eyes. "Always supposing there is any truth at all in M. Lemaître's accusations, which I of course question, I am going to shift the responsibility elsewhere. First I'd say that what M. Lemaître mistakes for the failure of a generation is really the symptoms of a graver complaint. In fact, the most fatal of all diseases—old age. Europe has been civilized for centuries; senile dementia is now setting in."

DEFFAND beside me broke his long silence. "I'm a plain man, not an intellectual," but he didn't say it apologetically. "If you'll pardon me, all this seems to be a pretentious way of dressing up what's really only an evasion of common loyalty and common responsibility."

Bénat's contemptuous bottom lip dragged a bit at one side. "Let's be unpretentious, then. Loyalty to whom?"

"To France!" said Lemaître. "To one's fellow citizens. To democracy."

"What loyalty do I owe to my fellow citizens? Supposing *I* wished to go in for a life of crime—which is not likely since I have as much money as I want—what would deter me? Dear, dear. Loyalty to the shabby politicians in Paris, who change governments once a week and spend their lives in political trickery and manoeuvre? Loyalty to the stupid peasantry or to the greedy property owners who now employ me in their legal troubles? Loyalty to those who escaped to England and stayed there all through the war making speeches? Loyalty to those who endured the Occupation by first making a fortune out of the Germans and then doubled it catering for the Americans? Loyalty to the new rich or to the old poor? Loyalty to my old comrades in the Resistance who have suffered the common disillusion? Ah, yes, perhaps. And how better to show it than by keeping one illusion alive? To me—as to some of them—there is only one God, Charles Bénat, world without end, amen." He smiled and put the wineglass to his lips again.

Captain Grabo said: "I can see the way M. Bénat feels, and he's put the case for the renegade, but it'll only be a question of time before these men are rounded up—just as they were in the States. Prohibition created an artificial social order, just as in a different way foreign occupation did here. Breaking the law was in fashion. When the artificial condition was removed it went out of fashion, and the gangster went with it."

Lemaître said: "I think you will find that a strong new line is going to be taken over here. These men will be put down with a firm hand. Proof, we know, is hard to get, but——"

"Is there any truth," Cassis said, "in the rumour that a man from the Paris Sûreté is already at work in this area?"

Lemaître scraped his plate sombrely. "I don't know," he said.

I'd been watching the expressions on Alix's face. It came as a bitter pill to realize she loved Charles Bénat.

After dinner I saw her alone for a minute at the other end of the room and moved round to speak to her. She didn't look towards me but I could tell by some change in her attitude that she knew I was on the way.

I said: "It's thirteen months since you phoned. The taxi service in this town is bad."

She didn't look up. "Is your eyesight better, Giles? How much can you see?"

"Enough to tell when the game isn't straight, I think."

She flushed. "I'm very sorry about last year. It must have seemed strange to you."

"Strange isn't an overstatement."

"Why have you come back?"

"I wanted to see you again. To see you for the first time."

"It won't do any good."

"So I noticed this evening."

"What do you mean?"

"I came back, too, because of Pierre. Last year I found him with a wound in his head, and it puzzles me how he got into a car afterwards and drove a hundred odd miles into the mountains."

She said in a cool undertone: "Pierre had an accident in his car. That was all."

"I suppose you did phone me from his flat that evening?"

There was a little burst of laughter behind us. Bénat was having fun with Cassis and Maggie Sorques.

"Oh, what's the use of talking about it?" Alix muttered. "I don't want to talk about it. Pierre was nothing to you."

"No," I said, "but you were."

"I *wasn't*."

"D'you remember the last day we spent together at Monte Carlo, and then home, where Pierre was waiting on the stairs?"

"I must have been crazy."

"Agreeably so."

She half turned as if wanting to get away. "It was some midsummer madness. You were blind. I was—sorry for you. Well, I'm not sorry for you any longer."

"I'm glad of that. We can start on a different basis."

She smoothed out a crease in her frock—a gesture that began gracefully enough but ended with a disquieted flick. "There's no question of starting again, Giles. I want to make it quite clear."

"Nothing at all is clear at the moment."

"Will you please go away. Go back to England. If you think I care anything for you, you're wrong. Please understand that."

"Are you afraid of what I'll find out?"

"There's nothing to find out. Nothing *you* can find out. Pierre fell over a cliff, and was killed. He has been buried twelve months. D'you think anything you can do or say. . . ."

"Why did you phone me that night?"

"I regretted it ever since."

"Well, that's something to go on."

"It's nothing to go on. I've—regretted ever meeting you. It made you unhappy and—it was no use to me. It was a foolish interlude, without a future. Now it's over, has been a long time. I've got my own life to live—in my own way. Please leave me alone."

LADY FUNCHAL was drifting towards us. She seemed to have her eye on me. I said to Alix: "Back in England I was laid up for a time—used to imagine meeting you, but it wasn't a bit like this. Is it you or I who have the grievance?"

She looked up a minute through her lashes but didn't say anything.

I said: "I've not often been good at telling myself fairy stories, but this was one I got away with. It helped a lot at the time. I knew you might be married to Pierre—if I was mistaken and he was alive; Bénat told me you'd married him—but I used to try and imagine it the other way. I used to think the rest may be fraud but that's genuine enough—somehow; it must be. The thing I wanted sight for more than anything was to see you. Well, in a way, that's quite a success. But one thing's missing and it makes all the difference. I used to imagine your smile of welcome—and didn't get beyond that. I seem to have been building castles in the wrong part of Spain."

She said: "Please leave me alone."

The party went on until about two o'clock in the morning. We played chemmy, and I stayed till the end.

When they'd all gone, Claire said: "By the way, Walter, conversation got rather dreary at dinner tonight. Arguments are such fun if no one takes them seriously. Lemaître might have been in his *cour d'assises*."

I said: "Who was that fellow Deffand sitting next to me? He only opened his mouth twice."

"We don't know," Walter said. "Lemaître introduced him. He's down from Paris for a month or two. Claire swears he's the man from the Sûreté."

WHEN I got to Villefranche about five on the Monday I found it *en fête*. The crews from the American warships were ashore and the little inscrutable town was full of young sailors. Nearly all of them looked as if they'd just been turned out by some immense dry cleaning store, as if they'd all been steamed and polished and brushed until no blemish was left. A single stain in a hundred duck suits would have stood out a mile. The town was fuller than usual of locals, girls and others who had come in to see the fun—or share it.

The quay was as busy as any main street on a Saturday night, and much more interesting. Dark youths in turbans peddled oriental jewellery, old women sold scents, jeeps sputtered over the flagstones, cafés hung out banners of greeting, officers strolled about on their long non-European legs.

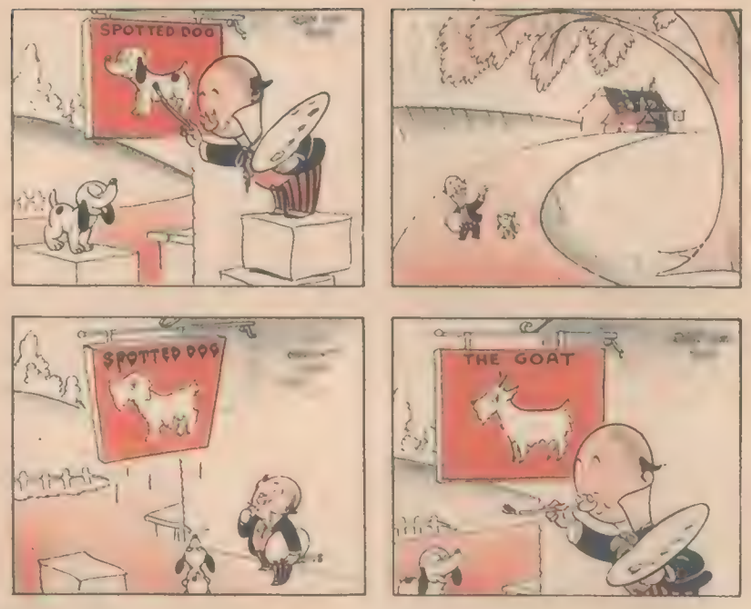
About eight a French military band appeared in honour of the visitors and played a number of marches with magnificent *élan* underneath the Hotel Welcome. Then a dance was started outside the Pavilion. I had passed the Café des Fourmis (I found myself still calling it Café Gambetta) twice earlier on, but as dusk began to fall I climbed up again and made my way through the narrow alleys of the town.

Up here were the less immaculate of the visitors. A piano tinkled in a shabby bistro and a sailor danced with an Algerian girl. Their shadows swelled and shrank on the rough stone wall. Two older sailors, half drunk, argued interminably in the middle of the street with a naval policeman, while half a dozen ragged children gaped. A glare of light showed five ratings in another café flirting with some girls of the town.

There was a good deal of noise and music at the Café des Fourmis, but most of the noise was being made by the usual patrons. Four sober American lads sat a bit self-consciously at a table by the door. I didn't go in but went across to the bistro on the other side. The official difference between a bistro and a café is that in a bistro you're supposed to stand at the bar for your drink. But this place, like many, had one table, and I found that from it you could look into the Café des Fourmis. I ordered Vin Ordinaire and prepared to wait and see if anything happened.

Nothing did happen for half an hour, except that a few people entered and a few came out. Three more Americans went in and sat at another table without speaking to the four who were already there. A van drove up and some bales were brought up the alley and loaded into it. On the side of the van was "Bonnet et Cie. Du pain bien boulangé. Rue des Martyrs, Nice." I didn't take much

MR. DIMPLE *by David Hand*



It's Torture when a shrunk-up shirt chokes you! So when buying washable cottons, ask to see the "Sanforized" mark . . . your assurance the fabric *can't* shrink out of fit.

Garments with this label will not shrink out of fit

•SANFORIZED•
SHRUNK FABRIC

WIVES! *Keep the man good-tempered . . . save yourself shrinkage trouble . . . always look for the "Sanforized" mark on shirts, pyjamas, overalls and all washable cottons.*

when doctor says "burgundy" you cannot do better than get

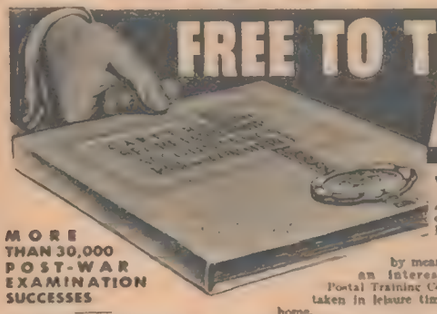
KEYSTONE
Australian Burgundy

NOW ONLY
11/6 flagon 5/9 half flagon
6d. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes

Bottled and guaranteed by
Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3.

The good wine that makes every meal a banquet

FREE TO THOSE WITH AMBITION



VALUABLE BOOK ON CAREERS

Are you ambitious? Are you prepared to concentrate on the attainment of a successful career? If so, let the Metropolitan College help you to realise your ambition by means of an interesting Postal Training Course taken in leisure time at home.

A Metropolitan College Postal Training equips you not only to see opportunity but to grasp it when it comes your way.

MORE THAN 30,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

Intensive Postal Coaching for all CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS. Send coupon for particulars and enrol NOW.

SEND AT ONCE for a FREE copy of the College 160-page GUIDE TO CAREERS in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Commerce, Matric., Degrees, etc., or Civil Service Guide.

COUPON ··· POST NOW!

The Secretary, Metropolitan College, St. Albans
Please send me a FREE 160-page "GUIDE TO CAREERS" or Civil Service Guide. (*Cross out one not required.*)

NAME .....
(In Capitals)

ADDRESS .....

G9/5 17/9/49 .....

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

(G9/5) ST. ALBANS *Or call, 30 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4*

NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from previous page

notice of it until a reflection of light caught the face of the driver and I saw it was Scipion. I got up from the table and moved to the bar to pay, then strolled outside. The van had just started its engine. I heard Scipion say to a big man standing by the side: "Back in an hour, maybe."

The van drove off. The big man slouched into the café. The street was quiet again. I walked to the end and back. It was a quiet night but cool for the end of June. Down on the quay the music was fast and cheerful; the picket boats were busy like phosphorescent insects; and, a little withdrawn, the two warships glittered in the dark blue silence of the bay. I went back to the alley, and, seeing there was no one about, turned down.

It was dark between the high walls, and the narrow way was cobbled, with big uneven stones. But blindness teaches some things, and I didn't stumble or make a noise. At the bottom was a bit of a garden about twelve feet square with a low wall round it, and within the garden down some steps were two doors leading into the Café des Fourmis. One was ajar and a strip of light came through. The other was shut. I'd never heard a dog but it was something to look out for. Otherwise there didn't seem a lot of risk. I tried the gate and it opened easily.

There was a palm tree in the middle and a few vegetables growing; at the end were grape vines. Not an inch of space was wasted. The garden was about four feet above the level of the doors, and from half-way across it you could see into the room that was lighted. It was a store-room and wine cellar. There was no one in it. A couple of mosquitoes danced around the unshaded electric bulb. Then a man and an old woman came down. The man was a stranger, but I recognized the voice of Mère Roget. She was smaller and older than I thought.

She said: "They should have sent two vans. My God, what organization. By the time they come back it will be midnight."

"No," said the man. "It's only half an hour's run each way. And if it is too public we'll send them back and they can come tomorrow."

Mère Roget picked up an armful of bottles. "I don't like it. We have had the stuff a week. Get rid of it, I say. What are the Americans drinking?"

"Not much. They are not the right type."

They went back up the stairs.

Silence fell. Down in the next street two voices were singing:

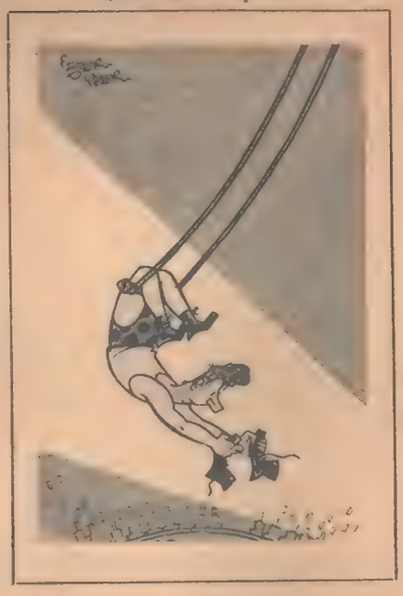
"It ain't kinda fair on Maudie,
Who's faded round the edges
An' a haybag, too. . . ."

Some of the right type for Mère Roget.

Down the steps and up to the first door. I tried the latch but the door would not open. On to the next door. It was plain that the cellar was empty. Wooden steps led up to the kitchen above, but some sort of a door had been shut at the top because the voices from up there were muffled. In the left hand wall of the cellar was another door, leading into the second cellar whose outer door I tried.

Weigh up the risks. If the communicating door was open it wouldn't be difficult to slip through the lighted cellar to the other. What gain? A knowledge perhaps of the goods Mère Roget didn't like to store.

One does things on impulse sometimes and without the best of reasons. It didn't seem so rash at the time. Open the door eight inches more—inside, the smell of wine and straw and old stone. Shut the door the same amount. Six steps across the flagged floor. The middle door was shut. Lift the latch. It's open. Very dark. Go in and pull the door to behind



you, then quietly lift the latch and shut out the last light. Well, that much done.

Same smell in here. I felt for the switch and found it, but this seemed too risky just at present. A match. Four scrapes before it flickered. Square cellar. Wine bottles by the dozen. Bales of the sort I'd seen loaded; boxes; big square cardboard containers sealed along the tops with brown paper.

The match went out. I thought of my lighter and fished that out. The flame was smoky but one wasn't always burning one's finger. I went across to the bales. They were heavy and fairly hard. The one I looked at was stamped "G. Ravallo, Napoli." I got out my penknife and slid it along the seam of the bale. It wasn't easy to open, and by the time I'd made a sizable gash it didn't look such a good idea. Outside I could hear the two Americans going on with their song.

"It ain't kinda fair
In this one-horse town
On a high-class dame like Maudie."

I pulled back the wrappings and found some sort of grey wool, tugged it out and found it was a pair of socks. That was a bit of a surprise. I turned them up and saw the stamp: "Made in U.S.A."

Someone started coming down the steps. I slid down behind the bale and waited.

It didn't seem to be Mère Roget this time. Two men were talking, and there was the rattle of bottles again. I hoped the wine they wanted was in the first cellar. They were arguing about something but I couldn't get the hang of it.

After an age they went up again, and I relit the lighter. There were about twenty such bales as the one I'd opened. I went over to one of the cardboard containers and used the penknife again. The top of the thing was full of corrugated cardboard and shavings, but underneath were packets of cigarettes in clusters of five twenties held together with gummed paper; it didn't seem worth adding up how many there might be in each container.

Time to go. The object of coming here was served. I stuffed a couple of packets of twenty into my pockets, and the socks into my breast pocket. I'd had enough last year of telling stories without evidence. Not that one was sure yet that this story must be told. I blew out the light and picked up my stick. All quiet outside. Heavy feet were moving overhead, and the piano had begun again. Not this time with Blind Giles and his Provençal songs. I opened the door into the other cellar and saw a man standing by the steps looking at me.

To be continued next week

NEW TO THE JOB

by JACK TREVOR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

Beside the work bench was a soiled map in pencil: Rio, Honolulu, Sydney, Bombay, Rome. Well, how about it?

"Been planning this seven years, three weeks and a day," Stringer said

MR. TONGER WAS TWENTY; he had fair hair, glasses, and a friendly squint. Now he grinned a little foolishly and nervously, partly because he thought 300 girls were looking at him from various parts of the production shop.

The foreman had brought him to number three production line and was talking to one of the operators. "I've got a new man here," he said. "Mr. Tonger. Show him your operation." He turned to Mr. Tonger. "Don't forget you're on number ten clock and your number is 204."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Tonger.

When the foreman had gone the operator said: "Take a stool—don't break your back."

Mr. Tonger sat down, obediently, and looked at the operator.

The operator said: "My name's Stringer. Watch me and you'll soon pick it up."

Tonger watched Stringer. At first he watched his face. Stringer's face was young—twenty-five or thirty—but dull. His eyes were dull, his expression was dull, his movements were dull. He had brown eyes as blank as a doll's, heavily lidded and frowning like the warning figure in a patent medicine advertisement.

All around worked three hundred girls and fifty-odd men. The production lines were formed by long benches. There were wooden runners the whole length, upon which slid the cradles carrying the radio sets. Tonger watched Stringer accept a set from the girl next to him. A big steel chassis, intricately bent, punched, drilled and full of component parts and a maze of wiring.

Stringer put a brown bakelite component on the chassis in one of the few empty spaces, connected wires to the lugs, and then soldered them. He took the wires, ready cut and formed, from a tray at his side.

"Looks complicated," Tonger commented.

"You'll do it blindfolded tomorrow," Stringer said. Then, without looking up, he said: "Been abroad?"

TONGER straightened his back on the stool; this was difficult to maintain and also made him conspicuous above the other 350 round shoulders, so he relaxed again. "No," he said.

Stringer said: "I was thinking of going abroad."

Tonger, trying hard to memorize the connections, grunted.

"Thought of tramping round the world," said Stringer. "Hitch-hike to Bristol, get a job on one of the American-bound boats. Go to Rio or somewhere."

Now Tonger saw the operator's face was coming to life. His eyes were shining a little, and his mouth was partly open, giving him an alert look.

Stringer swung the chassis over on the cradle and gave it a push to the girl on the right. The girl looked at him, dully. "Not so fast," she said. She already had two sets up to her and the foreman was watching. It was hot; glass roof and no ventilation.

"Now," said Stringer to the newcomer. "You try one." He pushed the next set along to Tonger.

Tonger was red now, feeling three hundred pairs of eyes on him. Actually, nobody was watching him at all. Stringer had got his eyes on a girl called Kathleen. When he looked back at Tonger he found the transformer was upside down. He took the screwdriver from him and pulled the set back.

"Okay, watch me again," he said.

Tonger watched him, feeling self-conscious like a chastized small boy.

"How about coming with me?" Stringer said, his eyes on the set as he removed the screws.

"Where?" Tonger was sitting forward now, watching every slight careless movement of Stringer's hand.

"Round the world," said Stringer, picking up the soldering iron and removing the charred flux on a bit of rag. "Hitch-hike to Bristol, then get a boat to America . . . married?"

"No," said Tonger. "Why do you run the wire and solder together?"

"Tin it," said Stringer. He pushed the set along and took another.

The slight hold-up had given the next girl time to clear two of the sets and now she accepted this one with a smile. Thank God it was nearly four o'clock. Cup of char at half-past.

"Now then," said Stringer, "try this one."

This time Mr. Tonger was a success.

He put the transformer on the right way up, inserted the screws and forced them home. He took the wires, tinned them, wrapped them on the lugs and soldered them. He looked up triumphantly at his teacher. "There!" he said.

But Stringer was smiling at Kathleen. He came back to his pupil with the remains of the smile draining away into the dullness. "What?"

"Done it," Tonger said.

Stringer inspected it, briefly. The next girl was waiting and there were two sets up to them now. The foreman was on his way down the line again.

"Too much solder and flux in the wiring," Stringer said. "And that's a dry joint . . . here, give me the iron."

Tonger, subdued, watched the joint being remade as the foreman came up and stood over them. He ignored Tonger and spoke to Stringer.

"How's he getting on?"

"All right," Stringer said.

DURING the little silence Tonger was made aware that the foreman had noted the necessity to remake one of his soldered joints. Then the foreman walked away.

"Right," Stringer said, pushing the set down to the girl. "We'll take one each now."

With their heads bent over the cradles, Stringer said: "How about it?"

"How about what?" Tonger asked, dropping one of the screws into the depths of the wiring.

"Coming round the world with me?"

"Just a minute," Tonger said, "let me get this screw out." He turned the set upside down in the cradle; the screw fell out, but also the side wing-nut came off and the whole chassis fell on to the bench with a crash.

"Crikey!" Stringer said.

Tonger, red in the face and sweating, too nervous even to look up at the six hundred eyes that must be watching him, levered the set back into position and put the wing nut back on.

"Any damage?" Stringer said.

Tonger caressed the parts that had hit the deck. "I don't think so," he said. "No, it's okay, it didn't go very hard. Kind of slipped down one side."

"What happened?" said the girl next to them on Tonger's side.

Tonger made motions with his fingers. He was very red indeed and expecting the foreman along. "It didn't go very hard," he said. "Kind of slipped down one side. . . ."

"No talking now," said the foreman, coming along on the other side of the line.

He was directing his rebuke at the girl, but the new chap had taken it all right; red as a beetroot.

Tonger made himself very small and accepted another set from Stringer.

"Of course," said Stringer, "we should have to plan it. There's a map under the tool card against your knees."

LOOKING down, Tonger saw the tool card was hanging by a drawing pin on the leg of the bench. He lifted it from the bottom and found underneath a soiled sheet of paper with pencilling on it. It showed London, Bristol, Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, Honolulu, Sydney, Bombay, Ankara, Rome, Paris and Southend on roughly a straight line.

"It's not to scale," Stringer explained. His eyes were bright and eager now as he handled the soldering iron. In fact, they seemed to have changed colour. "It's like the maps on the underground. They don't show you all the details of the journey. They make it look like a straight line. That's the way to draw maps."

"Are you really serious about it?" Tonger said.

"Why do you think I've drawn it?"

Tonger could see that the map was dog-eared and dirty. It looked very old. "How long have you been planning this thing?"

"Ever since I've been here," Stringer said.

"How long is that?"

"Seven years three weeks and a day," Stringer said bleakly. "Then when shall we start out?"

"Where to?"

"To Bristol."

"I hadn't thought," Tonger said.

"We ought to get going before the end of summer. We want to miss the rainy season in Brazil . . . they say it's hell."

"Yes," Tonger said. Remembering the tattered map and the seven years, he remembered also the Prisoner of Zenda and the Man in the Iron Mask and the Duke in Darkness. Then suddenly the foreman was standing there. Again he ignored Tonger.

"How many has he done?" he asked Stringer.

"Dozen or so," Stringer said.

"All right," the foreman said. "Come with me, Tonger."

Tonger looked a farewell at Stringer, but Stringer had forgotten him. The dull expression was on his face again and he was putting the transformer on

He Hauled Up £500 in Cash

"I'M an underground haulage engineman," reports reader F. Graham, 42 Fines Road, Medomsley, Consett, Co. Durham. "In my time I've hauled thousands of tons of coal from 'in-bye' to the shaft bottom, but my biggest haul of all has come from my hobby of *Bullets*."

After plodding away without ever securing a single cash prize, this forty-two year old "Bulleteer" won £500.

"Bullets" 1st Prize

£500

CASH PLUS

BLACKPOOL Illuminations Weekend for Two

Enter this week's best *Bullet* and you'll be invited to celebrate your £500 "haul" with a thrilling weekend at Blackpool.

2nd PRIZE £50—3rd PRIZE £25, each plus Blackpool Weekend for Two

Miles of pageantry in lights await JOHN BULL'S weekend guests at cheery, colourful Blackpool. Prize provides fares and first-class hotel accommodation (Friday to Monday)—extra cheque if preferred to Weekend Award.

2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2 10s, 25 of £1, 50 "Bullets" Seasons, 3,000 "Good Shot" Awards

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 15 and in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 22, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

A fine Fountain-pen accompanies each of the twenty chief cheques won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Man's Problem	Hugging Herself
To Stop The Rot	He's New At His Job, So
From America	On Dad's Plate
Political Dynamite	By Fair Means Or Foul
Fortune May Frown, But	Ugly Duckling
Comforting	Made The Dust Fly
In Our Family	
Full Of Fight	**Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions**
A Sad Case	
Knocking At The Door	Ought To Have .....
Social Reformer	Glimpse Of.....
Squandered	Feather In.....Cap
Must Be A Thought-reader	.....Bet
	All Over.....
Looked Guilty	Straight To The.....

PRIZES VALUE OVER **£1,500** coming in next week's "John Bull" — also in *Bulletin* dated October 8—apply on coupon below

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,699 (or Xword 651) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

APPLY on this COUPON for "BULLETS" and CROSSWORD GUIDE

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for eight weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE. If requiring Specimen copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

P.O. 1s. No. .....

For SPECIMEN copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* (dated Oct. 8) **STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

512

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

Fee: 6d. per *Bullet* on coupon or plain paper—see Bonus Offer above.

Closing Postmark, **1,699** MON., Sept. 26

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

"I owe more than anything to the *Bulletin*," said £500 winner Graham. "It's worth far more than the small charge made for it, in fact it's given away!" To secure your weekly supply of *Bullets Bulletin*, apply on label adjoining *Bullets* coupon on this page

XWORD 646 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Bottle. 5, Loon. 6, Set. 9, Fate. 12, News. 13, Log. 14, Sheets. DOWN: 1, Bass. 2, Lint. 3, Doors. 4, Bent. 7, Coach. 8, Tense. 10, Jacks. 11, Type.

NINE £100 SHARERS: E. H. Bagnall, West Bromwich; W. Beecroft, Doncaster; F. Johnson, Drax, near Selby; D. MacGregor, Glasgow, W.3; Miss P. E. Phillips, Cwmbran, Newport; Mrs. R. Simons, Reading; A. Smith, Long Eaton; Mrs. M. A. Smith, Wallasey, Ches.; Miss B. E. Sutherns, Llandyssul, Cards. In addition, each Winner receives a 20-lb. Food Parcel.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 63 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all 2nd Runners-up.

"Bullets" Winners 1,694

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Flying Visit to Paris for Two: N. E. J. Godwin, 25 Waverley Grove, Southsea: ALL ABOUT US "SERMONS"—BUT WE'RE "ASLEEP"!

SECOND PRIZE, £50: K. Widdowson, 23 Edward Avenue, Aldridge, Nr. Walsall: NATION OF CLERKS—WON'T BALANCE BRITAIN'S "LEDGER."

THIRD PRIZE, £25: R. E. Bird, 7 Nightingale Square, Ipswich: A THOUSAND PITIES—"DIVIDEND" FROM *Lost* CHANCE.

OTHER AWARDS. £20: H. Handley, 17 Beech Grove, Broom, Ferryhill, Co. Durham: NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS—THROWING *Everything* INTO SCALES? £10: Mrs. E. Warburton, 16 Bridge Street, Bamber Bridge, Lancs: WHAT PEACE FORGETS—WHAT "SISTER PROSPERITY'S" LIKE! £5: Bdr. F. Bell, 245 Bty., Royal Artillery, Fort Brockhurst, Gosport: VILLAGE BLACKSMITH — SADLY REPAIRS *Slaughterer's* VAN. £5: J. Evans, "Cleveden," 52 Chalmers Road,, Ayr: ALL ABOUT US — SUBURBAN RESERVE — EAR-SPLITTING LOUD-SPEAKERS! £5: F. A. Gale, 17 Brereton Road, Bedford: SONNY'S GOT A BIKE, SO—KEEPS *On* FOOTPATH. NOW! £5: H. W. Johnstone, "Dalkeith," Hill Rise, Humberstone Lane, Leicester: HOLDING THE FORT—AGAINST PEACEMAKERS' "ATTACK," STALIN! £5: D. Lockwood, 57 Parker Road, Horbury, Yorks: IF ONLY HE'D KNOWN—HIMSELF BETTER, BETTERED HIMSELF.

For 10 winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

CASH, FOOD and OTHER XWORD PRIZES

£100 FIRST PRIZE

(Winner's Telegram Friday, October 7)

Awards Value **£25** Amongst 1st Runners-up

NOVEL "SIGNPOST" PRIZES for all 2nd Runners-up

20-lb. FOOD PARCELS

with all prizes value £1 and over, providing useful extras for your larder and luxuries for your table

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 651

1. After a destructive fire, you may wish you'd thought a little more about this
2. Man occupying chair of local council is very often
4. Boxer often proves disappointing when he begins to
7. Producer naturally knows the best way to finish this
11. Whether you have this with food or not is a matter of taste
12. It's unusual to want this in one's garden
13. Conversation is apt to be difficult when a person is known to be

Down Clues

1. Since the war, quite a number of firms have given up using them
2. Some electrical gadgets seem to be simply this of wire
3. As one progresses, falls are less frequent
5. Not dealing with one sometimes leads to trouble
6. You can't tell the precise age of one by its bark
8. May be employed for serving meals in canteen
9. It's nothing very unusual for these to get rattled
10. It's easy to understand one boiling over

WIN A CHEQUE AND 20-lb. FOOD PARCEL!

1 H	O		E	■	2 M	A		O	3 R			
O	N	■	4 S		A	R	■	H	I			
	■	5				■	6	■				
7 S	H	O		■	E	8 L	O	9 P	E			
E	A	U	■	10	■	A	G	E	R			
S	I	T	■	A	D	D	■	■	■			
■	L	■	A	N	■	■	■	S	O			
11	I	N	T	■	S	E	A	■	B			
■	N	C	■	M	E	S	S	■	E			
651 12 G	O		S	E	■	13 S			Y			

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated October 8.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

651 Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 26

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

NEW TO THE JOB

Continued from previous page

the chassis, tinning the wires and soldering them up.

Tonger followed the foreman across to number five production line. Halfway along the line was a stool and a gap. Tonger could see that the set was the same one and at the same stage.

"There you are," the foreman said. "Fit the transformers and wire them up. We expect to get seven an hour through."

Tonger was nervous again, finding himself on his own so soon. He saw that there were four sets waiting for him and others coming quickly from the man on the left. He got to work and began catching up. In an hour he was clear and sat back and looked at his neighbours. On his right a platinum blonde, on his left a small, middle-aged man.

"Warm," Tonger said.

The man went on with his work without speaking or looking up. Tonger felt foolish. The platinum blonde said: "Yes it is, isn't it."

Half an hour later the little man pushed a magazine page along with a set. Tonger looked at him, curiously. They had not spoken, and he could not understand this overture.

"Have you ever considered building your own aeroplane?" the man said. He had a thick, distinctive voice.

Tonger looked down at the page. It was a lurid American technical journal. A crimson plane gliding across a blue sky with a man-in-the-street-looking pilot in shirt sleeves at the controls. There was a creative gleam in the little man's eyes.

Tonger said: "You building this?"

"I'm going to," the man said.

Tonger nodded approvingly. "Very nice for weekends." He noted that the journal was dated ten years back.

"Under that tool card," the man whispered, "you'll find some rough drawings."

LONG before the buzzer went for knocking-off time Tonger had settled into his new job. The ten-minute operation slid through his fingers almost unnoticed. His mind began to tick around other things, first personal and later general.

These people, he thought, three hundred here, three hundred thousand somewhere else, all under-using themselves in the name of progress. But progress had them only by the little finger. Men with ambitions high and hopeless; girls with dreams. Wasn't the grandest symphony subordinate to the simplest love song, he thought, and weren't they all human beings at root?

Young Mr. Tonger squinted amiably and unseeingly at the sets as they came by. And while his subconscious mind coped with the operation his mind went soaring out to find some important project of its own.

THREE kinds of INDIGESTION

Like Grandad's: USED TO BE "DEFINITELY TROUBLED" AFTER A MEAL

Like Young Bob's: "NEVER HEARD OF IT" EXCEPT WHEN HE BOLTS HIS LUNCH BEFORE HIS WEEKEND GAME OF FOOTBALL

Like Mother's: SOMETIMES KEPT AWAKE BY INDIGESTION

They all get quick relief with

BISURATED TRADE MARK Magnesia

Many kinds of indigestion are caused by excess acidity—which is quickly corrected by 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 1/9 and 3/7 in Tablet or Powder form (plain or mint-flavoured). If your indigestion trouble persists you should get medical advice

Simple self-massage invention for ABDOMINAL CULTURE

"An extremely valuable aid to the maintenance of health through re-educating and strengthening the abdominal muscles" says NEW HEALTH

In toning and strengthening the all-important muscles on which your figure, your carriage, your digestion, your bowel regularity depend, it is difficult to over-estimate the value of abdominal massage. Now the Rallie Health Belt makes abdominal massage easy. Thousands of people have found in this simple self-massage invention the answer to middle-age spread, constipation, back-ache, liver disorders.

HEALTH EXPERTS ACCLAIM THE RALLIE

Hundreds of users have written enthusiastic letters about the Rallie Health Belt and many commendations have appeared in the medical and health press, including *The Lancet*, *The Medical World*, *The Medical Times* and *New Health*. A few minutes daily with your Rallie Health Belt gives you gentle massage that is not only wonderfully exhilarating in itself but also

The pulling strands contract and relax the 'Rallie' Massage Apparatus alternately, exercising abdominal muscles, and massaging internal organs.

invaluable for its effect on the muscles that control your figure, your digestion, your health and general well-being.

WORN ONLY WHILE EXERCISING

The Rallie Health Belt is not a corset, nor any ordinary belt for constant wear. It is specially designed for abdominal massage and worn only while exercising. It is easy and pleasant to use, involving no strenuous movements — equally suitable for men and women of all ages.

The 'Rallie' Massage Apparatus shown with the pulling strands extended. The device is for men and women of all ages.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE
Write, enclosing 2½d. stamp, to
RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LTD.
Dept 132A
172 Buckingham Palace Rd. London, S.W.1

The Standard HISTORY of the War

THE SECOND GREAT WAR

Editor: SIR JOHN HAMMERTON
Military Editor: Maj.-Gen. Sir CHARLES GWYNN, K.C.B., D.S.O.

7,500 Illustrations. 130 Colour Plates

THIS important work is a contemporary history of the Second Great War written by a distinguished group of expert contributors. It gives critical and descriptive accounts of every campaign, every event of importance on land, sea or in the air, and a comprehensive review of the social and political conditions obtaining in all countries concerned throughout the war years.

Brilliantly written and superbly illustrated, this magnificent production should be in every home—a noble addition to the home library.

SEND TO-DAY!

Just sign and post the form below and, on acceptance, we will send you this work, carriage paid, to examine for one week free.

Send to your Home FREE on approval for 7 days

Each volume measures 11 in. by 8½ in.

FREE EXAMINATION FORM

To the WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LIMITED (Dept. J.B.S), 96 and 97 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, carriage paid, for seven days' FREE examination, "THE SECOND GREAT WAR," complete in nine volumes, bound cloth. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days with no further obligation. If I keep it, I will send you a First Payment of 21s. eight days after delivery, and twelve monthly payments of 21s., thus completing the purchase price of £13 13s.

CASH PRICE WITHIN 8 DAYS IS £13

Name.....
Address.....
.....
Occupation.....
State if Householder..... Date.....
Signature.....
(Parent's if under 21)

J.B.S. Please Fill in All Particulars Asked.

SON (17½) SMOTHERED IN SPOTS

Mother took prompt action

This lad, like many teen-agers, had ugly spots all over his face, causing him discomfort and embarrassment. Then his mother bought him a jar of soothing Valderma — and within a few days his skin was fresh, clear and healthy.

DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC Valderma, perfected by British Scientists, is new in two wonderful ways. 1. Its special emulsion base is white, non-greasy; washes off easily; allows septic matter to escape. 2. It contains two antiseptics which, working together, kill off the germs that cause most skin troubles. Irritation ends; spots disappear; skin quickly becomes clear and healthy. Try a jar of Valderma at once. Free trial jar: Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage etc., to Dae Health Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B.A, 17 Berners St., London, W. 1

(198D)

Don't risk a NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

A nervous breakdown often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. It is simply *pure "LIVE" Yeast* in palatable form. And "live" Yeast is the **richest natural source of all the B vitamins.** You will be amazed at the result. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way.

At all Chemists

50 Tablets 1/3, 150 for 3/-, 300 for 5/-

But be sure you ask for Phillips Tonic Yeast—the *real* "live" Vitamin Yeast.

Phillips TONIC YEAST

Head can't think eyes cannot smile

When you feel you can't tackle a single thing more—when your head aches, your eyes ache, your nerves are all strung up—take two tablets of Phensic. The effect is like the touch of a smooth, cool hand across your brow. Pain goes. Nerves quieten. *You smile again!* That's what Phensic can do! 4d., 1/6 & 3/8.

Phensic

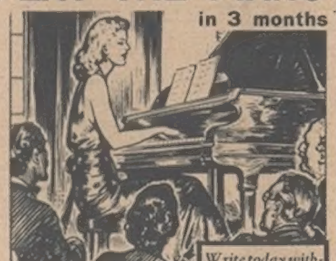
for quick safe relief

FROM HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAIN, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, COLDS & CHILLS

Enjoy your Music

SONGSTER CRAMOPHONE NEEDLES REGD.

MANUFACTURED BY
J. STEAD & Co. Ltd., SHEFFIELD

PLAY THE PIANO in 3 months

New home method. Definitely the easiest and quickest yet discovered. Even if you have never played a note you will be able to read music at a glance.

Write today without obligation for FREE LESSON

KLAVARSKRIBO INSTITUTE (AB.4)
10a Highbury Place, London, N.5

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland, and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

. . . but love won't kill germs

Protect your baby from the germs of gastro-enteritis (sickness and diarrhoea), so often traceable to imperfectly sterilized feeding bottles. This disease kills over three thousand children a year. Even though a bottle looks clean, you cannot be sure it is not infected. Milton is stabilised electrolytic sodium hypochlorite and a powerful sterilizer. Sterilization with Milton is simple, quick, sure, saves risk of breakage by boiling, and leaves no taint or odour. Ask your chemist for Milton Baby's Bottle Routine Instruction Leaflet or write to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 37, 10-12 Brewery Road, London, N.7

STERILIZE THAT FEEDING BOTTLE WITH

Milton

Out of the packet ..into the dish

Welgar Shredded Wheat is a boon to busy people! No heating, no cooking, no waiting, and no waste. It's a sustaining help-yourself breakfast for everyone with a job to do.

12 extra large biscuits for 8d

mean most for your money

WELGAR

SHREDDED WHEAT

Delicious with Fruit